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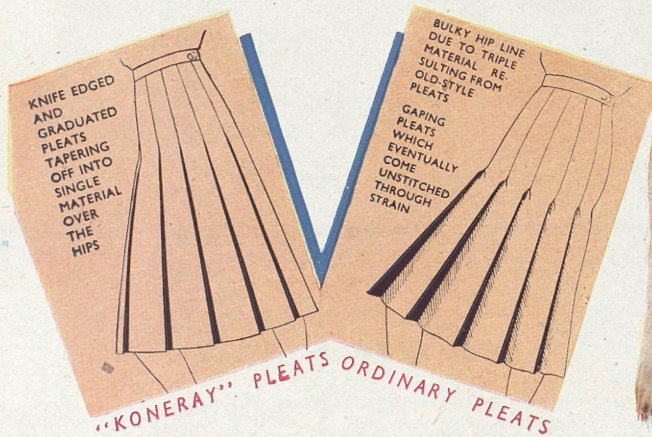
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Bertram Park

A Soldier King: George II of the Hellenes

H.M. King George II ascended the throne of Greece in 1922 on the abdication of his father, the late King Constantine. A great-nephew of Queen Alexandra, he has many ties with this country, where he lived for some time during his exile from Greece, from 1924 when he was deposed, till 1935 when he was restored to the throne. Last year when the Germans occupied the mainland in Greece, King George went to Crete, where he had a narrow escape from enemy parachutists. On his arrival in London in September, with his brother, the Crown Prince Paul, and members of his government, he was welcomed at the station by the King and Queen and Mr. Churchill. The King of Greece is the head of all the Greek fighting forces, Army, Air Force and Navy, combatant units of which escaped to Egypt, and which have since been re-formed in the Middle East. Last month he was decorated by King George VI with the Insignia of the Distinguished Service Order at Buckingham Palace, and is probably the only Sovereign ever to have received this decoration



Mr. Churchill Inspects a Canadian Guard of Honour

The British Prime Minister arrived at Ottawa from Washington on December 29. On the following day he addressed Members of the Senate and the House of Commons. His speech was a brilliant survey of the war and its prospects, and was greeted with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Greatest cheers of all came when he spoke of America's entrance into the war. One section of Mr. Churchill's speech was made in French as a compliment to those Canadians of French descent who were amongst his audience. Mr. Churchill is seen inspecting the Guard of Honour provided by the Canadian Army outside Parliament Buildings.



Mr. Anthony Eden Returns from Moscow

Extraordinary secrecy surrounded Mr. Eden's visit to Russia. Much of his time there was spent with M. Stalin at the Kremlin, and it is known that many conversations took place between them, which, it is hoped, will considerably strengthen the bond of Anglo-Soviet collaboration and goodwill. While in Russia Mr. Eden visited the recaptured city of Klin, where he talked with many German prisoners and saw the devastated home and museum of one of his favourite composers, Tchaikovsky. M. Maisky and Lieutenant-General Nye are seen on the bridge of the tender with Mr. Eden.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Man of the War

SOME of my friends have frequently deplored what appeared to them to be the absence of a big military figure in this war. Well, they've got their answer. General Sir Archibald Wavell has been given the biggest unified command we have yet seen; and with it the unstinted good wishes of all the Allied Powers, which is a tribute as much to his character as to his military skill.

I'm sure Sir Archibald is going to figure big in the history of this war.

But heavy responsibilities rest on him. He assumed them with the nonchalance of a fighting man, rather than with the whimsicality of a poet or the pretentiousness of a philosopher.

"I've been handed several babies in my time to look after, but this looks rather like quadruplets. However, I'll do my best to look after them and bring them up in the way they should go."

Such language is calculated to make our Whitehall mandarins blink.

Foresight of Destiny

As Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Archibald was destined—whether by somebody's foresight or by fate—to play a big part in the war as it moved eastwards. But what should be most gratifying is the confidence which President Roosevelt appears unhesitatingly to have placed in Sir Archibald Wavell. There does not seem to have been any of the haggling about supreme commanders as there was in the last war.

I don't know whether President Roosevelt and Sir Archibald have ever met, but I'm sure they would get on well together. They

both have an appreciation of the big things in life.

As I remarked last week, when Sir Archibald was switched from Cairo to Delhi his friends said openly that he had found disfavour in high quarters. But we now know, whether that was true or not, that he did a big job in Cairo. The proof is that several men are doing the work which Sir Archibald did single-handed.

Washington Drama

BIG decisions are coming out of Washington demonstrating the driving force of the President and the immensity of American resources. Hitler's brow must have creased when a translation of President Roosevelt's latest message to Congress was laid on his desk. No amount of intuition or inward urge can overlay the unpleasant truth of those facts it contained. America at war in any and every part of the world is something which Hitler—even with the help of the Japanese—cannot gloss over, for in the minds of his people there's the dread of history repeating itself.

Westminster Shadows

As for the House of Commons, the decisions in Washington have overshadowed everything. They may have laid some political ghosts, for many of the problems of the past appeared academic when Members met for a short sitting. Even Mr. Clement Attlee's incomplete statement fell pleasantly on the much easier minds of members.

The Prime Minister's stock was higher than ever, and even his most determined critics were quietened, for the time being. Obviously they cannot do anything at this time to disturb the London-Moscow-Washington partnership.

for none can doubt that it is a winning combination. Those who may have wondered in the past how things were going to turn out for us now realise that only the crassest stupidity on our part can save Hitler from biting the dust.

That we have gained such valuable Allies for our Cause should not be allowed, however, to obscure the fact that Britain won them by the character and the fortitude of her people who in the darkest days refused to contemplate anything but victory.

Anglo-Soviet Relations

IT seems a safe assumption that M. Molotoff will shortly come to London to repay Mr. Anthony Eden's visit to Moscow. This would certainly seal the seal to the closer relations which Mr. Eden established in Moscow. The Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs played a prominent part in the discussions in the Kremlin. He is M. Stalin's right-hand man and as such would be welcomed at Westminster. In his world broadcast Mr. Eden was not able to disclose any details of his talks with M. Stalin, but he left no doubt on the minds of his listeners that there had been complete cordiality as well as frankness. Obviously old political suspicions must lurk here and there, but Hitler's methods have taught even M. Stalin a useful lesson.

New Atmosphere

THOSE who have been to Russia recently all agree that there is a new atmosphere. Instead of undermining M. Stalin's regime as he obviously thought he could, Hitler has cemented it. Russia is united from top to bottom. Even old party suspicions have been buried. Ministers and people are bound together in a patriotic struggle to save their country. This, I am assured, is the new Nationalist Russia, and not the home of international Communism. The internationalists have had to give way to the fervour of those who are fighting for their homes and the future security of their country. This does not mean that all the Trotskyites are dead; but it seems clear that they'll have to lie down while M. Stalin rules.

Optimism Justified

A FRIEND saw Marshal Timoshenko before the German retreat was in full swing, and the losses so heavy. He was deeply impressed by the marshal's optimism. Timoshenko did not beat about the bush. He declared that he had got the Germans just where he wanted them and he would make them pay heavily. None can say that this assertion has not been fulfilled. The great German army has now got to undergo a terrible test—the severity of the Russian winter. Can Hitler's ill-clad soldiers dig themselves into the Russian winter, which is now only beginning, and when the spring comes be the same well-organised and efficient military unit they were six months ago? This is a question no expert can answer with any accuracy. Only time can tell. Meanwhile we are assured that the Russians are not going to give the Germans any winter peace. They will harass them ceaselessly and ruthlessly. The Russians can do this because they are properly clad, and their supplies are not entirely dependent on mechanical transport. Horses and mules have come into their own, and for such conditions they are proving themselves more practicable.

Germany Shivers, too

IT can be very cold in Germany, even though the weather may not be as bitter as on the Russian steppes. So how is Goebbels going to warm the German people when they have parted with their woollens? There's no immediate substitute for wool, and Hitler has stripped the occupied countries of their stocks. The British blockade will prevent supplies reaching Germany from overseas in anything like the quantities which will be required. Soon the German people will be clothed as well as fed on Hitler's fanaticism, for there'll be little else for them to live on. But here we must not forget that the Germans are a fighting race. Such conditions are certain to make them as stubborn as we would be in similar circumstances; and Hitler must do his utmost to find a way out. He will not fail for want of trying.

Stalin's Determination

M. STALIN's sudden announcement of his war aims shows his confidence as well as his determination. He does not intend to be robbed of the fruits of victory by any pale-pink politicians. He wants revenge. He says Germany must pay. There must be no repetition of this war; and Soviet Russia's position must be made plain to the world. Clearly M. Stalin's statement is directed to those in Great Britain and the United States whom he suspects may want to let the Germans off lightly once victory is assured. This reminds me of the "Hang the Kaiser" phase we passed through in the last war. But there is a difference. I should say that M. Stalin means what he says. If I had been in his place I would have left it unsaid, for surely the Soviet Government's Note to the Powers is just what Goebbels wanted to stiffen drooping German resistance.

Polish Methods

THE Polish Government are just as bitter about the scores they wish to wipe out. But they have gone about it differently. Some time ago they asked the governments exiled in London of countries overrun by Hitler to meet for the purpose of cataloguing German crimes. Each country has a terrible list of indictments. These they wish to publish to the world and thus demonstrate the brutality of the armed Germany. Mr. Anthony Eden will attend the conference as an observer on behalf of the British Government, Mr. Winant

will represent the United States Government, and M. Maisky, the Soviet Government.

Portuguese Problems

SIR RONALD CAMPBELL, senior among our career diplomats, has been in London to report on the situation in Portugal. He flew to and from Lisbon, and the shortness of his stay in London must be regarded as indicative of the importance of his contact with Mr. Eden. Sir Ronald is of small, compact build. He has a suave manner and a quick, precise mind. He was our Ambassador in Paris when France collapsed, and he should have a most interesting story to tell if he should ever decide to write his memoirs, which I doubt. His post in Portugal is not easy, for German pressure does not stop at the Spanish frontier. Obviously it was in this connexion that Sir Ronald decided to fly to London to see the Foreign Secretary. When Hitler does his next dramatic act many people believe that Portugal will be involved.

Moscow Embassy

THE future of Sir Stafford Cripps continues to cause considerable speculation. He is anxious to resume his political career, and therefore may come home shortly. But although he has made plain his anxiety—and his wish to return to the House of Commons as a back bencher and not as a member of the Government—he has indicated that he does not desire to do anything to add to the Government's difficulties now that Anglo-Soviet relations are so close.

Sir Walter Monckton is surprisingly mentioned as a possible successor to Sir Stafford in Moscow. Apparently the Government would prefer to send a non-career man to Moscow, and the choice will not be easy. Until recently Sir Walter was Director-General of the Ministry of Information, and is now in Cairo reorganising the information services there.



At an Allied Officers' Conference

Sir Dennis Herbert and General Radovitch, the Yugoslav Military Attaché, were at the reception for Allied officers given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., the chairman, and Lady Lucas received the guests. Sir Dennis Herbert is M.P. for Watford and Deputy Speaker in the House of Commons



Lady Cook and General Legentilhomme

Lady Cook, in Red Cross and St. John uniform, chatted to General Legentilhomme at the Overseas League reception. He is the French National Commissioner for War. One of the first commanders of French Empire forces to declare for General de Gaulle, General Legentilhomme was sentenced to death by the Vichy Government in his absence



Military Police Chiefs at a Provost Conference in the South-Eastern Command

A meeting of senior officers of the Army, A.T.S., R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. was held recently in the South-Eastern Command. The military police are under Provost Marshal Sir Percy Laurie, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., once Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and Chief of the Mounted Police. Sir Percy is now Assistant Chief Constable to the War Department Constabulary in London, and has under his control one of the finest police forces in the world. Above, Lady Carlisle (Chief Commander South-Eastern Command), Sec. Officer George, D.A.P.M., W.A.A.F., Lady Catherine Cairns, Staff Officer A.T.S., and Brigadier Sir Percy Laurie are seen together at the conference

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Bravo, Mr. Sturges!

EVERYBODY knows what a fatal thing it is to say to Jones: "I want you to meet Smith. You will like him enormously." The invariable result is that Jones hates Smith before he knows whether he is short or tall, dark or fair, a good sort or a twirp. The programme of *Sullivan's Travels* (Plaza) containing the words "A picture that will never be forgotten," I settled into my seat firmly determined to forget it. Then the extraordinary thing happened. I found myself realising that here was a film which I should certainly remember. Let me say here and now that the director is Preston Sturges.

What other films Mr. Sturges has directed I do not know, for the reason that I have never in my life remembered who produced what in the theatre or who directed what in the film.

I have a notion that Komisarjevsky once produced Tchekov's *Three Sisters* at Barnes. I think it possible that D. W. Griffith was responsible for *The Birth of a Nation*, and I seem to recollect René Clair in connection with cock-eyed houses and Lubitsch having to do with a young woman obviously from Muswell Hill standing up in a victoria and yodelling her way through old Vienna.

There my knowledge and my interest end. I do not want to know the name of the chef who has cooked my dinner, and equally I am

not curious about who has prepared the entertainment that follows. Is it possible that in this respect I am like the woman reader who has no notion of the name of the author whose sentimental twaddle has absorbed her? It is my view that whoever enters a cinema at once descends to the status of the average woman reader. And I shall prove from the end of this film that Mr. Sturges rates the intelligence of the average filmgoer even lower.

Sullivan's Travels moves as a brilliant fantasy in two keys—slapstick farce and the tragedy of human misery. Most tragi-comedies fail because the author is in two minds; he is betrayed into joking when he should be serious and he lets seriousness impinge upon his lighter mood. The theory is that he laughs to prevent himself crying; in practice he sets us crying because he is not ready with the next lot of jokes.

The genre requires a great master, and I may say at once that in this film Mr. Sturges has not attempted tragi-comedy. He tells a story which moves on two planes, keeps each plane separate, and handles the transition from one to the other with incredible deftness. He knows at any moment exactly where he stands emotionally, and so do we. It is only at the end of the picture that we realise that the sum of his two planes added together is perfect irony.

THE beginning shows how Sullivan, the popular director of films entitled *Ants in the Pants* and the like, decides to turn highbrow and contemplates a piece of pretentious bosh called *Brother, Where Art Thou?* In order to do this he gets himself up as a tramp and proceeds to see life as it is lived in the underworld. All this part of the film is extremely witty, not only verbally, but also cinematically.

Sullivan's first adventure is to pick up one of Hollywood's blonde failures, if that can be called a failure which has never started. Yes, the little blonde has seen some of Sullivan's successful films, including one in which the hero fell through the floor into a stable and sneezed at a horse which, taking umbrage, sneezed back. "Don't you think," says Sullivan, "that while Europe is devastated by war, with Death on the prowl everywhere, a film director can be better employed than in making films of this sort?" "No," replies this disconcerting blonde. But then, her notion of seriousness is bound up with the recollection of a friend who shot himself with the result that the room had to be re-papered.

They are travelling in Sullivan's own car, which leads to his arrest for stealing his own property. "Realise this," says Sullivan, "whatever happens, the cops can't do anything." The next shot shows Sullivan and the blonde behind prison bars, and real prison bars; no nonsense à la Orson Welles about symbolising the imprisonment of the human soul!

AT this point the film changes planes, and my readers are asked to believe that the picture has nothing to do with flying.

Sullivan's travels now take him into the world of the doss house and the chain gang; he loses his identity, and is sentenced to six years' hard labour. All this part of the film is extremely moving; the playgoers will understand when I say it is as though Mr. Sturges had combined Gogol's *Government Inspector* with Gorki's *Lower Depths*. In the world above Sullivan is now supposed to have been run over by a train and killed; and there is an admirably witty shot lasting not more than three seconds in which his presumed widow, who loathed him, is seen arranging flowers on his grave with infinite distaste.

It would perhaps be a mistake to tell readers how Sullivan, lost to the world, escapes from his state of inhuman bondage. Sufficiently to say that Mr. Sturges shows with delightful cynicism that extenuating circumstances are forthcoming when a man sentenced to six years' hard labour for slugging another man with a piece of rock turns out to be a popular Hollywood director.

I HAVE now to make good what I said earlier on about Mr. Sturges's valuation of the intellectual standing of the average cinema-goer. It seems that the chain gang master, despite his brutality, has some of the bowels of compassion. Enough at least to allow him to provide the convicts with an occasional cinema show where the early cartoons of Walt Disney permit them for a moment to forget their misery.

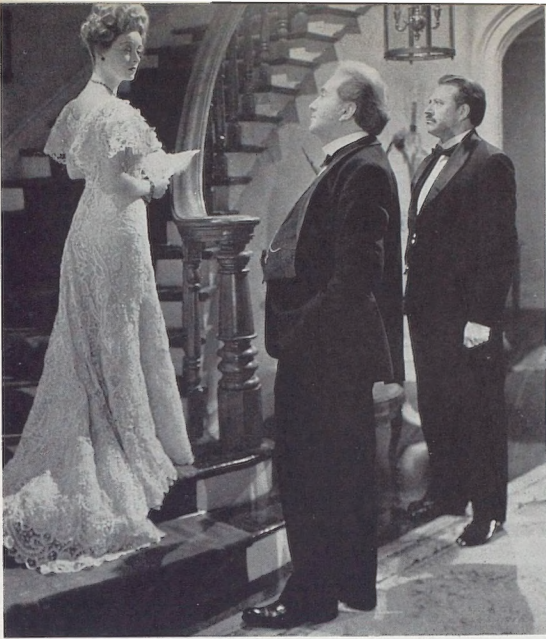
Returned to the upper world, Sullivan refuses to produce *Brother, Where Art Thou?* Why? Because in the mind's eye he sees his fellow-prisoners laughing. The vision fades, and he sees the average cinema audience laughing. Presently the two pictures merge. Had Mr. Welles made this film we should here assume that in his view humanity wears as many shackles as a chain gang. I prefer to believe that in Mr. Sturges's view the average cinema-goer is possessed of convict mentality.

The two principal parts are beautifully sustained by Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. And the photography is brilliant throughout.



Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in "Sullivan's Travels" at the Plaza

Joel McCrea is a film producer who wants to see life in the raw for himself. Disguised as a hobo, he sets out to study misery first hand. Results are more than even the most enthusiastic producer would bargain for. One good thing he finds is Veronica Lake. A film of slapstick comedy, wisecracks and sombre tragedy, romance, cynicism and brutality, well shaken by the hand of Preston Sturges

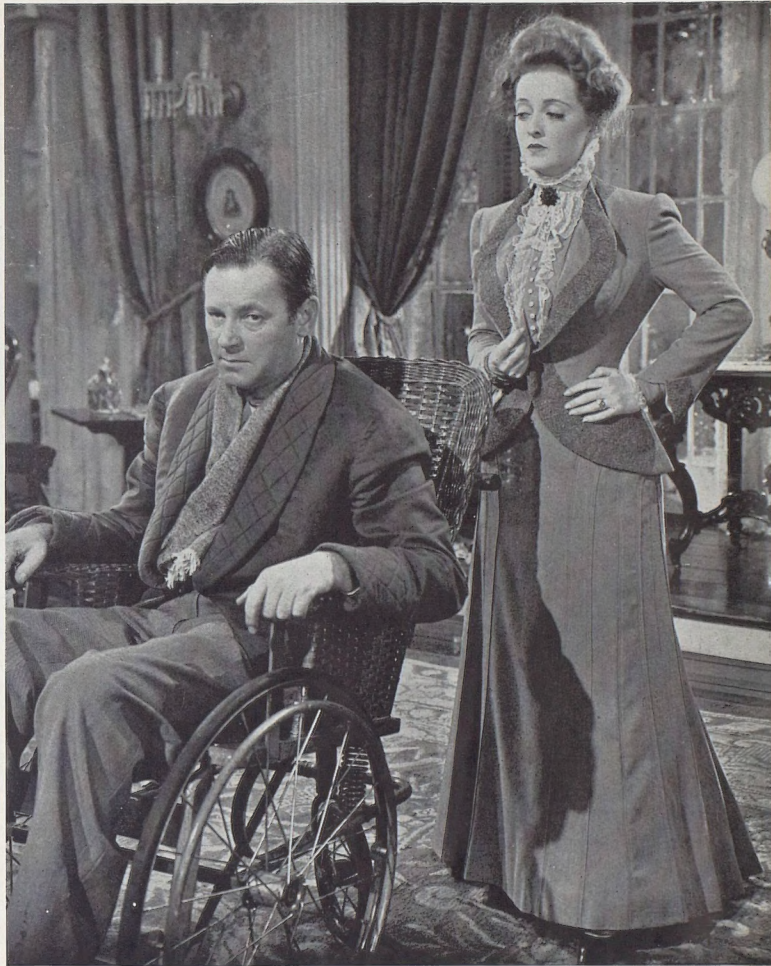


Regina Giddens (Bette Davis) has two avaricious brothers, Ben (Charles Dingle) and Oscar (Carl Benton Reid), and is faced with their ultimatum to obtain from her banker husband the money they need for the purchase of a cotton mill. Regina's daughter, Alexandra, is sent to Baltimore to bring back her father, who is undergoing treatment for heart trouble in a sanatorium

"The Little Foxes"

Film Version of Lillian Hellman's 1939 Broadway Success

Bette Davis plays the film role of Regina Giddens, a part made famous by Tallulah Bankhead in Lillian Hellman's much discussed play, *The Little Foxes*. The play—title taken from the Song of Solomon: *Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines*—was adapted by Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, for Samuel Goldwyn's film version, directed by William Wyler. The picture, which comes to the Gaumont this week, is the story of a greedy Southern family, Regina and her two brothers, Ben and Oscar Hubbard, and of how they combine to swindle Regina's banker husband, Horace Giddens, played by Herbert Marshall. Alexandra, Regina's daughter, and her cousin, Leo Hubbard, whom she loves, provide romantic diversion



Horace Giddens (Herbert Marshall), on his return, ill and longing to rest, is set upon by his unloving wife, Regina, who renews her pecuniary demands, with which he flatly refuses to comply. Meanwhile the two brothers decide that Oscar's son, Leo, shall "borrow" the necessary bonds from Horace, to be used as a security

Alexandra Giddens (Teresa Wright), seventeen-year-old daughter of Regina and Horace, loves her cousin, Leo (Dan Duryea), son of Oscar Hubbard, who wishes them to marry for financial reasons. They are also encouraged by Alexandra's mother

Horace Giddens dies after a severe heart attack, during which Regina refuses to administer his medicine. She stands impassively by the bedside of her dying husband while he tries to say a few last words to warn his daughter against her cruel selfish mother



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Warn That Man (Garrick)

FOR what particular patriotic purpose, one asks on leaving the Garrick Theatre, did Mr. Winston Churchill, unseen hero of *Warn That Man!*, once every month charter a special aeroplane to take him to Buckley Hall in the depth of the country, there secretly and unbeknown to any but the highest officials to encounter a certain person or certain persons unspecified in the text?

Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, author of the play, does not inform us, possibly because he does not know himself; nor, for the matter of that, does he actually mention Mr. Churchill by name, the probability being that the Lord



Fifth columnist activity at Buckley Hall. Two of the uninvited guests bear a remarkable resemblance to my Lord Buckley and his butler, Brent (Percy Parsons and Basil Radford)

Chamberlain would have raised an objection. But the Lord Chamberlain raises no objection to the statement that the unseen hero is "a very important person," who is "in the Cabinet," and who "smokes big cigars"; and though no doubt all the members of the Cabinet smoke big cigars, I can't think that Mr. Sylvaine would be trying to get us romantically interested in Mr. Bevin or Mr. Morrison, who, as like as not, now smoke as big cigars as any one.

MR. CHURCHILL, then, it is for whom the velvet-jacketed and horn-rimmed-spectacled and V-bearded Lord Buckley (Stanley Groome) is waiting when the curtain rises; and when Lord Buckley's niece (Judy Kelly) turns up uninvited just before Mr. Churchill is due, he naturally can't explain—all he can do is to tell her to go away again, which she (fortunately) doesn't.

The next visitors preceding Mr. Churchill are a batch of fifth columnists, one of whom (Basil Radford) is velvet-jacketed and horn-rimmed-spectacled and V-bearded just like

Lord Buckley, who is promptly seized and superseded and consigned to the cellar.

This is a black business. Winston, all unsuspecting, is on his way. We shall lose this war after all if we don't look out. But thank God, there is always Gordon Harker, who never yet has failed to get the better of "blighters." And so there is considerable hope that we may emerge satisfactorily from this lawful-wedded-wife—which, I take it, is fair rhyming slang for trouble-and-strife.

MR. HARKER, stage doorkeeper to a theatre which has just been blitzed, arrives. He is accompanied by Max Adrian, light comedian in the same theatre, and Jimmy Godden, manager thereof. And now we have got well off the mark. Deceptions are practised. Suspicions are aroused. Doors are opened suddenly to disclose eavesdroppers. Rats are smelt. Cats are out of bags. Victims are bound. Gags are inserted. Games are up. Friends are rescued. Tables are turned. Wise-cracks are inserted to taste. Love manages to squeeze in a perfunctory sentence here and there. While now in the lounge hall, now in the dining-room, now in the bedroom, now in the lodge, Mr. Harker, ignorant of fishing, discourses as learnedly as he can on the salmon, or, ignorant of etiquette, reads out passages from a book thereon in the low-class-high-class voice that is part of his excellent stock-in-trade.

NOW what is a critic to say about such plays as this? If he doesn't care a tinker's oh for the theatre, he will call it all grand fun. If he does, he may compare it to *Fifty-Two Stories for Boys*, not worth praising, not worth disparaging—after all, why not *Fifty-Two Stories for Boys*? No reason at all, provided that there



George, cockney stage doorkeeper, bombed out of his London job, has his own ideas on rationing in the country. A suitcase of provisions and tinned foods might show a good return on outlay in the country. George is prepared to do a business deal (Gordon Harker)

are also fifty-two and more than fifty-two stories for grown-ups, which, unfortunately, there aren't. There are, in fact, hardly any plays for grown-ups at all, as you will see if you consult the advertisements. The children are in almost complete possession, and very nice pocket money some of them are getting. But as an example to other European countries of which English culture means the theatre is pretty disheartening.

If bravery is a duty, that duty is not confined to the field of battle. Apollo needs his heroes no less than Mars. And the plain fact of the matter is that our playwrights, our actors, our actresses, our dramatic critics and our theatrical managers are almost all, and present company not necessarily excepted, cowards. It takes courage to grow up.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Thanks to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of George, the carefully laid plans of the fifth columnists are foiled in the nick of time. George releases the real Lord Buckley from the Death Chamber (Gordon Harker, Stanley Groome, Max Adrian and Judy Kelly)

"Warn That Man!"

Vernon Sylvaïne's New Comedy-Thriller at the Garrick



Uninvited guests force their way into Buckley Hall. They are fifth columnists, each disguised to resemble some one of the Buckley household. Lord Buckley is faced by duplicate editions of his butler, his secretary and his chauffeur. (Herbert Rouen, Veronica Rose and Percy Parsons, as three of the enemy agents, confront Rod McPherson, Stanley Groome and Rosamund Paget)

Stage-doorkeeper George arrives at Buckley Hall to spend a few days' holiday at the invitation of Lord Buckley's actress niece, Frances Lane (Judy Kelly). He is greeted by the phoney Lord Buckley, leader of the fifth columnists, who is expecting another guest of far greater importance—a Cabinet Minister seeking relaxation from the great strain of his exalted office (Basil Radford and Gordon Harker)



Left: George, who comes downstairs unexpectedly for his suit-case of provisions, finds bloodstains on the carpet. Cockney curiosity is aroused. Look out, fifth columnists!

Below: "That man" must be warned of his danger. George bars the door while Johnny radios a warning message on a set pinched by George from the fifth columnists. (Gordon Harker, Judy Kelly, Ethel Coleridge and Max Adrian)

Photographs by Swardbrick Studios



"Who is it in the Cabinet that smokes cigars?"

The radioed message has been received. The fifth columnists are rounded up. "That man" is safe. As a token of his gratitude, he sends George a cigar—a large, fat cigar. "Who the hell have we been trying to save?" asks George



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Royal Godmother

WHILE the Duchess of Gloucester was planning her own small son's names, which are to be William Henry Andrew Frederick, and thinking about his christening, she was godmother—by proxy, of course—to the little boy born to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Mackeson towards the end of last year, who has also been given the name of Henry. Miss Rosamund Dormer was the Duchess's co-godmother, and for godfathers he has Colonel the Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., Lord and Lady Derby's son; Lieut.-Colonel Derek Schreiber and Captain A. T. Maxwell.

At the Albert Hall

ROYALTIES of the Allies occupied flag-draped boxes at the Albert Hall for a Pageant of the Empire and her Allies, which was arranged under the auspices of the Officers' Sunday Club. The Executive Committee consisted of the Dowager Lady Townshend, Sir Harry Brittain, and Sir Harry Haig, and the pageant was directed by Colonel E. C. Heath. It consisted of massed bands, marching-past of representatives of all the Forces—including the Civil Defence Services—singing by John McCormack and Czech and Polish military choirs, and speeches by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Hinsley (both of whom seemed to be a bit "mike"-shy), and Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke.

Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Captain Dudley Forwood were among the ushers, under the direction of Sir Thomas Cooke, and King Peter of Yugoslavia was there, with his two brothers; King Haakon of Norway, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the Archduke Robert of Austria, M. and Mme. Maisky, for whom there was a special ovation, Mr. and Mrs. Winant, the Chinese Ambassador, the Lord Mayor of London, and representatives of everything important.

Latest Arrivals

THERE are to be interesting godparents, presently, for Lord and Lady David Cecil's newly-born infant. All the Salisbury family, naturally, are very interested in her arrival, none of them more so than Jonathan Hugh, her brother, who is two years old and delighted at the idea of a companion in the nursery.

The new Baillie-Hamilton baby has given his parents great cause for rejoicing. His sister, little Lady Mary, waited a good many years after Lord and Lady Haddington were married before making her appearance—she is eight years old now—and was received with a tumultuous welcome. The arrival of her brother was the only thing this very happily-married couple needed to crown their happiness. Their wedding took place in Canada eighteen years ago.

Another new Scottish baby is the daughter born to the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly. Lady Huntly is the only daughter of Lord Kemsley, and, as Pamela Berry, was a pretty and popular member of the younger social set. She did a good deal of war work on Deeside while waiting for her small daughter to arrive.

Congratulations, also, on new arrivals go to Lady Carew, Lady David Cecil, Lady Millais, and Lady Incheape. Most of us remember Lady Incheape as Pixie Pease.

Cavendish Wedding

A CAVENDISH wedding at a City church would have been unbelievable in pre-war days. Chatsworth, with flags flying, bands playing, and the tenantry offering gifts and good wishes, would have been thrown open to the social world, and half Derbyshire would have been en fête for the occasion.

Miss Arbella Mackintosh, now Mrs. J. H. Warre, has seen this kind of ceremony at her mother's, Lady Maud Baillie's, old home. But the exigencies of service made it impossible for her,



A London Christening

Swache

Edward Simon Peter, son of Captain and Mrs. Peter Miller Mundy, was christened at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. He is seen above with his parents. One of his godmothers was Miss Arbella Mackintosh, a bride of the same day

and she chose the lovely old church of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, for her wedding to Major Warre, who belongs to the Warre family of Tetbury in the West Country.

But her aunt and uncle, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, and the bride's Cavendish, Macmillan and Cobbold cousins, and scores of other relatives and friends, were there to see her in her white satin frock and tulle bridal veil, and her half-brother, Michael Baillie, gave her away.

Lady Maud Baillie is at Ballindarroch, her home in Inverness, a good deal nowadays, engaged, like her mother and sisters, in much war work.

"Winter Academy"

THE "Winter Academy"—the United Artists Exhibition—is just as big and baffling as the summer one always is; at first it seems impossible ever to single out one picture to look at from the masses on every wall. However, one's bewilderment serves a charitable purpose, as every time one goes back to have



Princess Alexandra of Greece and the Hon. Karis Mond, only daughter of Lord and Lady Melchett, were together in the street. Princess Alexandra is the daughter of Princess Aspasia, and a niece of King George of Greece



Round About the Ritz at Lunch Time

The Countess of Cadogan was photographed with Mr. Martin and Mr. Giles de Bertodano. She was Primrose Yarde-Buller before her marriage, and the de Bertodanos are sons of the Marquis de Moral



Miss Irene Mann-Thompson took a walk with Mr. Chris Mackintosh, the famous skier and Rugby player, who married the Duke of Hamilton's elder sister in 1927



Dinner for Two at the Meurice

Swaabe

Lady Elizabeth Isaacs, the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, was dining recently at the Meurice, once so well known as Quaglino's. Her companion was Mr. F. Gross. Lady Elizabeth's only brother, Viscount Erleigh, married Miss Margot Duke last June



Wedding Guests and a Bride of the Week

Swaabe

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilkins and Mrs. J. D. Gibson Watt (centre) were at the Warre-Mackintosh wedding (see page 47). Mrs. Watt, daughter of Sir Charles Hambro, is herself a very recent bride. She was married on January 10th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

another look some of the entrance fee goes to the Red Cross. And half the money paid for pictures sold goes to the Red Cross and the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, whose O.M. in the New Year's Honours crowns a fine career, is chairman of the committees running the show.

Portraits, for most people, are the easiest pictures to focus on. Among the soldiers, sailors and airmen who have been painted are Field-Marshal Lord Milne, by Maurice Codner, Evans of the Broke by Mario Grixoni, Squadron-Leader Sandy Johnstone, D.F.C., by Olive S. Pike—Olive Snell to *Tatler* readers.

Matthew Smith has painted Lady Elisabeth White, Lord Townshend's sister, as part of a typical composition of glowing colours—red, cyclamen, green, blue and yellow—the greatest possible contrast with Betty Fitz-Gerald's small, cool portrait of Lady David Douglas-Hamilton which hangs near by.

In the same gallery is Anthony Devas's "Sunday Morning," a woman sitting up in bed reading to a man lying beside her, and

Laurence Gowing's lovely portrait of Julia Strachey.

Brief Guide

JESSICA TANDY, by A. Egerton Cooper, and Glynis Johns, very pretty in a black dress and lace collar, by James P. Barraclough, are among the few stage sitters. Jack Hobbs, looking sad and far-away, by Leonard J. Fuller, is probably the only cricketer present.

Lady Patricia Ramsay has contributed pink and yellow lupins on a blue-green background. The Hon. Neville Lytton, Lord Lytton's artist-brother, has painted one of the several portraits of refugees that have been hung.

Other suggestions for a mixed bag are "September 1940," by Ethel Gabain, a moving air-raid picture; Peter Scott's "Barnacle Geese" in flight; James Gunn's attractive "Pauline Veiled"; Freda Lady Forbes' bronze group, "Mother and Child"; two ballet pictures in the Lecture Room; a piece of Alpine nostalgia called "Oberland Memories," by Adrian Allison; Victor H. Moody's "Conversation Piece" for

a guessing game (Bernard Shaw and J. B. Priestley are easy).

Pictures

THE exhibition of paintings by Jack B. Yeats and Sir William Nicholson, at the National Gallery, was opened by Mr. Dulanty, High Commissioner for Ireland, who made a speech about his countryman, Yeats, who is a brother of the poet. Sir Kenneth Clark made a speech too, and there was a distinguished little knot of people to peer and prod at the pictures, including Mrs. Winston Churchill, who had lent some of the Nicholson's.

Mr. Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon*, was there too; Miss Diana Witherby, in a green suit; Mr. John Steegman and, representing publishing and cricket, Mr. Billy Collins.

The Yeats pictures are brilliantly gaudy, with the paint put on in lovely thick chunks; they are very successful from a little distance, vividly alive and full of life.

Sir William Nicholson is, of course, better known over here. (Continued on page 68)



A Theatre on Wheels is Presented to the Y.M.C.A. North Midland Division

The Duchess of Portland accepted on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. a mobile theatre-van, the gift of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Chandos da Paravicini. Above are the Mayoress of Grantham, Mrs. B. H. Sindall, with Mrs. David Innes-Ker, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel da Paravicini, and a friend in uniform

Mrs. Chandos da Paravicini and the Duchess of Portland are seen beside the mobile theatre which the former presented to the Y.M.C.A., North Midland Division, of which the Duchess is the president. The van is equipped with a stage, piano, gramophone, wireless-set and a library

Lieut.-Col. Chandos da Paravicini, whose wife made the presentation of the mobile theatre, talked to a friend after the ceremony. The Paravicinis live at Birkholme Manor, Corby, in Lincolnshire. The theatre-van is the second of its kind in the country

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

War, With a Vengeance

AMERICA at war is entirely, amazingly different. This change is difficult to convey by letter because, apart from the obvious bruhaha occasioned by accelerated A.R.P., W.V.S., etc., ad lib., the metamorphosis is wholly spiritual. Their eyes are shining, the blinkers off at last, their hands (especially the most velvety) busy with unaccustomed chores, their wills charged with traditional hurly-burly which pulled covered wagons across the continent, caused gold rushes and made good in the times when the Indians were more than a memory and the Japs less than a menace.

His Soul Goes Marching On

AMERICANS, the whole 130,000,000, are the most emotional people on earth, from the tight-lipped, tiny New England minority to the exuberant majority of Latin, Czech or Jewish-born newcomers. It may be the climate, it may be the Constitution (which everyone defends without being able to quote the Bill of Rights, or to remember the words after "My Country 'tis of thee"), or it may be an inexplicable accident, just as England remains a beloved enigma wrapped in that "ancestral madness" which Charles Morgan exquisitely defines. I dunno.

I do know that the surge of feeling which encompassed and traversed the forty-eight States when war came at last, and with a vengeance, had the glory of a rushing wind, or, if you prefer the vernacular, a colossal kick.

America reminded me of the invalid's relations who are mentally prepared for death's visitation, yet when the blow comes it wounds and shocks much more than they expected. Thus passed an uneasy peace in a merciful release.

"Alert" on Long Island

CONSIDER the disrupted pattern of life on Long Island; not the Long Island of Noel Coward's deliciously dreadful week-end, but the

average commuting community of husbands in Wall Street, children at day school, wives earnestly involved in Red Cross, Motor Corps, and other good works. All very humdrum until the day after Pearl Harbour, the morning after San Francisco's first warning, when, nerves jangling from twenty-four hours on the radio, the sirens blew. Not British banshees, but improvised fire hooters, backed by every radio in the countryside, repeating that the families of men employed at Mitchell Field, the great L.I. air base, "are being evacuated in an orderly manner." The routine expression, "orderly manner," brought war home more than any thing else.

"I just can't believe it," was the first reaction. Then, "Why, we're only five [eight, ten, whatever it is] miles from Mitchell Field." 'Planes roared out to sea; rumours ("They've hit the Woolworth Building") travelled like lightning; husbands telephoned from the city, wives telephoned to the city (jamming all wires), children were bundled home from school, thus bogging the arterial turnpikes with cars, and not many people knew enough to go on doing what they were doing before the alarm sounded.

They Can Take It

A QUEUE having formed at one Red Cross workroom telephone, anxious mothers asked to use mine, and were flabbergasted when I remarked that unnecessary calls are a minor menace. They did not know. Ignorance, not panic, caused the general flap. Harangued by Mayor La Guardia, everybody "came to" as quickly as they had "blown up."

Flinging themselves into preparedness with accustomed American fervour, Long Islanders have organised A.R.P. posts and ordered black-out paraphernalia. Do's and Don'ts arrive from the authorities by every post. The same old rigmarole of printed forms, meetings and "What will you do? I'm doing the switchboard." "Where can I get a pick-axe?" "Shall we go to the beach for sand? The

children want to." "John says it's all nonsense—the Germans haven't any aircraft-carriers. What do you think?" As another British mother, Margery McGuffie, remarked yesterday: "Have you ever in your life been asked so many questions?" I have not.

It may gratify you to hear that Woolworths sold out of torches (known as flashlights here) and that southern cotton mills are putting on pressure to produce black yardage. "Le plus ça change," etc., seems more than ever appropriate. Though the problem of blacking-out New York City has not yet been solved, by the time you read this I feel confident that the "Little Flower" will have imposed a Stygian curtain from the Battery to Harlem, although, as he said again over the radio last night, it takes 37,000 pairs of hands to turn off the main switches. How Americans do love statistics, bless them!

What's On and Off

KATHERINE CORNELL has angrily scotched a rumour that because of possible air raids her new play, *The Smiling Visitor* (written for her by refugee Henri Bernstein), would be rehearsed in Chicago instead of San Francisco.

Because *The Admiral Had a Wife* concerned naval personnel and their wives at Hawaii, it has been withdrawn at a loss of 20,000 bucks. And the R.A.F. play, *Golden Wings*, was an awful flop.

Lily Pons will sing the lead in *The Daughter of the Regiment* at the Metropolitan Opera House at the end of January in aid of the Grenfell Mission in Labrador, which is having its fiftieth birthday. Sir Wilfred Grenfell began the good work. Lady Halifax is due from Washington for this benefit.

The British-American Ambulance Unit ran a huge luncheon to raise funds. Lady (Henriette) Davis, lately of Paris, now of Montreal and New York, presided, with Edmund Gwenn and "Gee" Lawrence speaking. Proceeds went to equip a 10,000-dollar dental unit for the Army of the Nile. Peggy Wood, of *Blithe Spirit*, worked hard, as she always does. Her reminiscences, *How Young You Look*, make quite the nicest stage book in years.

The Renoir Ball for the Free French was a picturesque affair, with twelve tableaux inspired by the Renoir Exhibition at Duveen's. Diana Barrymore as "The Dancer" looked ravishing, and other favourite pictures in the flesh were "Lady by the Sea," "Lady at the Piano" and "Dancing in the Town."



Piccadilly Arcade Re-created in the Heart of New York's Smart Shopping Centre by the British War Relief Society

Mr. Newbold Morris, president of the City Council, cut the ribbon at the official opening of Piccadilly Arcade. With him are Major-General Sir Henry Calville Wemyss, D.S.O., Military Adviser to the British Purchasing Commission, Robert R. Appleby, president of B.W.R., and Mrs. Halstead G. Freeman, chairman of the Piccadilly Arcade Committee. Mrs. Carman Messmore, vice-chairman of B.W.R., can be glimpsed behind Mr. Appleby.

Volunteer helpers were dressed for their parts. Here Gretchen Green and Mrs. William T. Easley, who managed the food shoppe, are selling a foul to another helper, Mrs. A. D. Gurewitsch, dressed as Sweet Molly Malone. Mrs. Gurewitsch, New York's doctor's wife, formerly Nemoni Balfour, is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Balfour, of Dawcyk, and is a niece of Sir Montagu Norman.

Godmother—then Bride

Miss Arbell Mackintosh Keeps Two Important Dates

Miss Arbell Mackintosh and Major J. A. Warre were married on December 3rd at the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. The bride is the only daughter of Lady Maud Baillie and the late Captain Angus Alexander Mackintosh, and is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Warre, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire. In the morning Miss Mackintosh was godmother to Captain and Mrs. Peter Miller Mundy's baby son



Captain and Mrs. Ivan Foxwell were wedding guests. He is the well-known film producer, in the Army since the war. He married in 1940 the daughter of Captain the Hon. Lionel Lambert; she is Lord Cavan's niece



Mrs. J. H. Warre, the bridegroom's mother, and Lady Maud Baillie, mother of the bride, were photographed together. Lady Maud is a sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and married Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Evan Baillie as her second husband in 1923



Major "Tony" Warre is in the 12th Lancers, and his bride has been driving an ambulance for the Red Cross. She was given away by her stepbrother, Mr. Michael Baillie, and the Hon. J. J. Astor was best man



Left: Lady Irene Haig was at the wedding reception at Claridge's, and was talking to Mr. Alistair Stewart. She is Lord Haig's youngest sister

*Photographs by
Swabe*



Right: Lady Rachel Stuart, aunt of the bride, had her two sons, David and John, with her. Her husband, a brother of the Earl of Moray, is M.P. for Moray and Nairn



Lady Anne Hunloke, another aunt of the bride, and Viscountess Astor, M.P., were two more guests at the wedding. Lady Anne Hunloke is the Duke of Devonshire's youngest sister

A family party at the reception was that of Lady Dorothy Macmillan. She is seen with her son, Maurice, and her daughters Sarah, Carol and Catherine. She is the third sister of the Duke of Devonshire

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were with their two daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish. The Devonshires' younger son, Lord Andrew Cavendish, married the Hon. Deborah Miford, Lord Redesdale's youngest daughter, last year



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DISCUSSING R.A.F. support technique in this war, a military historian remarked incidentally that the Army had as much right in 1914-18 to be satisfied with the air boys as it has now. But he forgot the Mad Major, whom the infantry loved and detested simultaneously (*odi et amo*, as Catullus said to the grocer's niece).

Our more senile or gaga little readers will readily remember the Mad Major of the Western Front, circa 1915-16. He used to swoop out of the blue on the German front line, flying at about fifteen feet, blast the stuffing out of the Boche, and gambol merrily away. Within a quarter of an hour the unfortunate infantry facing that particular German line would be suffering for the Major's light-hearted devilry, which made the Germans very savage and caused their artillery to concentrate for miles around with everything they had, and the criticisms were fearful. So far as we can gather there is so far no Mad Major in this war, having his fun and games and leaving other people to pay; or if there is, his stooges aren't stuck in trenches and can dodge the return packet.

On the other hand the equally famous Bayonet Kid, the frightful Scottish Major who toured "rest" billets lecturing on the Offensive Spirit ("Don't waste six inches!") and making faces and yells which froze his audiences' blood, would sound like Wendy at bedtime by the side of some Battle-Drill School instructors we've heard recently. You can't have everything.

Otiose

SPEAKING of Wendy, one of our favourite boss-words is "otiose," used exclusively by schoolmasters, dons, and the *Times* Dramatic Critic, fingering the cane in his lily hand and referring somewhat severely to the Mermaids' Lagoon scene in this year's *Peter Pan*. "Otiose" means "serving no practical purpose," like a cricketer's small, wellshaped head.

Last time we saw *Peter Pan* we were in the company of a stout, tough film producer who wept unreservedly at all the tender passages and cheered and clapped like a maniac when Wendy asked him to show that he believed in fairies to save Tinker Bell. Bored children

all round gazed dully at his distorted, evil features, puffy and crimson with emotion. Nothing was otiose in *Peter Pan* to him except Hook's final defiant cry "Floreat Etona!" as he plunged overboard. This our film boy did not care for, arguing that a true Old Etonian pirate would rather die the Death of the Thousand Cuts than be guilty of such a crass display of fervour. But this flash of insight and reasonableness soon faded and he began weakly snivelling again, while children yawned and glowered on every hand.

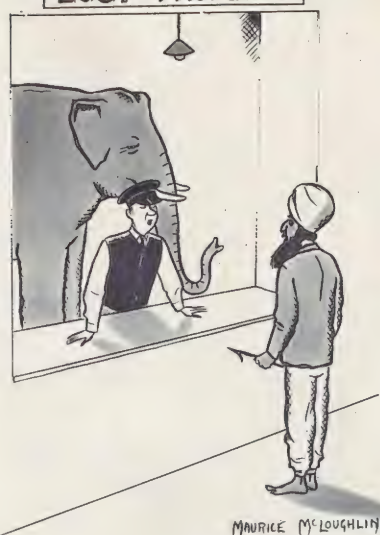
Reaction

THIS streak of the little mother in tough and ruthless numbers is very interesting. Damon Runyon's gunmen, you remember, weep freely as they sing sentimental ballads in close harmony at eventide, their favourite relaxation. Financiers cry over tiny winsome doggies and editors cry over the death of Little Nell. We ourselves once used to cry at the sight of dear little warm, fluffy, wistful-eyed, otiose blonde actresses, but now we just bleed at the nose.



"Here, Darling—it's for me!"

LOST PROPERTY



"—an Indian or an African elephant?"

Chum

GANGSTERS are now going round stealing cats, we observe, for their fur; a practice detestable to cat-lovers, of whom we are one, in the distinguished company of Montaigne, Du Bellay, Dr. Johnson, Baudelaire, and a few more big boys who have been hypnotised by the Egyptian magic of cats, their superb contempt, their icy composure, their grace, their aloofness, their subtlety, pride and mystery.

Ils prennent en songeant
les nobles attitudes
Des grands sphinx allongés
au fond des solitudes ...

Baudelaire incidentally compared his cat's eyes, cold, profound, stabbing, to the eyes of his mistress, the half-caste Jeanne Duval, which may or may not have pleased that dusky sweetheart in her rhythmic youth, and possibly annoyed her in her sloppy middle-age, when she took to rum and fought with Baudelaire. It is always a toss-up whether comparing a woman with a cat goes down well or not, a member of the Stock Exchange told us once.

Coincidence

CAT-LOVERS, always a minority, are greatly despised and abhorred by those who fall for the gross, cynical fawning and flattery of the dog, a lackey who has imposed on the simple minds of the Island Race so skilfully that when you see a stout, pop-eyed business man gazing soulfully into the cunning eyes of his

(Concluded on page 50)

Adventures in Shakespeare



Alas, poor Bottom!



Alas, poor Yorick!

● DONALD WOLFIT'S LONDON REPERTORY SEASON

Once again, Donald Wolfit is to bring his Shakespearean repertory company to London. His programme will include *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III*, and *Hamlet*. Donald Wolfit is the first actor-manager to present Shakespearean repertory in London since the days of Tree. His company, the Advance Players Association, was founded in 1937 with the primary object of presenting classical programmes. In the autumn of 1940, when the fury of Hitler's attacks on London had closed all other theatres, Wolfit presented lunch-time Shakespeare at the Strand. Over a hundred performances of shortened versions, scenes, songs and sonnets were given to enthusiastic mid-day audiences over a period of five months

John Gielgud

● JOHN GIELGUD PLAYS "MACBETH" AGAIN

John Gielgud's production of *Macbeth*, with himself in the title-role, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Lady Macbeth, opens at the Opera House, Manchester, on January 16th. Later the production will go to Scotland, before finally coming to London for a season. Ever since Gielgud first played the part at the Old Vic, some twelve years ago, it has been one of his greatest ambitions to produce and play *Macbeth*. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies has been in South Africa since 1940, running her own theatre in Pretoria. She came home little over a month ago, specially to play Lady Macbeth opposite Gielgud. The last occasion on which London saw these two together was at the Globe in 1939, in Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Gwen Ffrangcon Davies



Anthony



Standing By ...

(Continued)

doggie and feeling like a god you hardly know whether to laugh, cry, or heave a half-brick. Reminding us that we made a mild joke some time ago about having an Airedale in the Cabinet, and, lo and look ye! it turned out there *was* an Airedale in the Cabinet.

Daydream

OF the myriad plummy jobs which Bureaucracy hands out to its favoured ones in wartime we imagine that of Senior Military Adviser to the Min. of Inf. is among the plummiest. It has just been newly filled. We feel that if we had a pair of exquisitely-cut, slim, glossy riding-boots by Maxwell we'd find that job just a honey ourselves.

Somewhat of a martinet we'd be. The words "frightful" and "lousy," among others, would rap out from under our trim moustache like a burst of machine-gun fire. Tapping our beautiful boots with a natty crop and raking the timorous Min. of Inf. boys with a merciless stare, lighting a fat Egyptian cigarette with a sardonic lift of the eyebrows (also one flick of a neat gold lighter, maybe), shrugging delicately with ironical half-closed eyes, blasting some mumbled reply into shreds with icy insolence—we know a lot of good Staff stuff like that, taught us by a polished former ornament of G.H.Q., B.E.F. Advice those boys would want, advice they'd get. For example:

"What do you advise in this case, Sir?"
 "I advise you to pack up."
 "You mean Scheme 474B(J) in its entirety, Sir?"
 "I mean the whole ruddy bag of tricks."
 "The—?"
 "The whole blasted Ministry, Faughhaughton, and be quick about it."

There'd be a lovely blonde secretary at our side, her violet eyes misty with awe and adoration, and when the Ministry boys had stumbled out, numb and dazed and sick with fear, we'd chuck her under the chin with a harsh laugh and swagger out to lunch with jingling spurs. Just one chuck, no more. What d'you take us for, damn you—the Ministry of Transport?

Sadismus

TYPICAL of B.B.C. sadism is the increasing practice, against which Dr. Percy Scholes has violently protested, of putting on a record of some major classic to fill in between two broadcasts and fading it out a few minutes later "in the middle of a demi-semiquaver."

This is merely a beginning, our spies report. B.B.C. psychologists working day and night have discovered that the musical ear can be tortured even more agonisingly by running a record—say of the Brandenburg Concerto—backwards, or digging a groove early in a Bach record so that the needle stays in it, or covering an Elgar or a Dohnányi record with a thin film of glue sprinkled with tiny crumbs of glass, a very pleasing device. Another idea the monopoly boys are eagerly discussing is to invite a lot of music-lovers to bring their mothers to a recital of this kind and to beat their mothers with wire sjamboks till the blood flows.

Like Cambridge biologists, B.B.C. psychology experts often practise experimentally on rats, which are then psycho-analysed. With curious unanimity both the Cambridge and the B.B.C. laboratory rats dreamed over the recent holidays, our spies report, that horrible pink and green biologists and psychologists were crawling all over them.

Chant

ON the eve of Twelfth Night, on the very last day but one of Christmas, a chap begged us—too late, alas—to compose a Brains Trust Carol for the hamfaced populace to chant in joy and devotion. Fortunately, now we think of it, there is no real need for a new Brains Trust Carol. There is already a perfect one in existence, famous, ancient, and easily adaptable.

We refer to that Christmas sequence sung by the citizens of Beauvais for centuries in commemoration of the Flight into Egypt and known to all Christendom as the Prose of the Ass. Specimen verse:

Ecce magnis auribus,
 Subjugalis filius,
 Asinus egregius,
 Asinorum dominus!
 Hez, Sire Assne! (etc.).

Roughly:

Lo! with mighty ears resplendent,
 On our festival attendant,
 Proud and gracefully he passes,
 Ass of Splendour, Ass of Asses!
 Ho, Sir Ass! (etc.).

It's not for the likes of us to indicate which ornament of the Brains Trust may be honoured by this great song, when finally adapted, but no doubt you have your hot No. 1 favourite, like us.

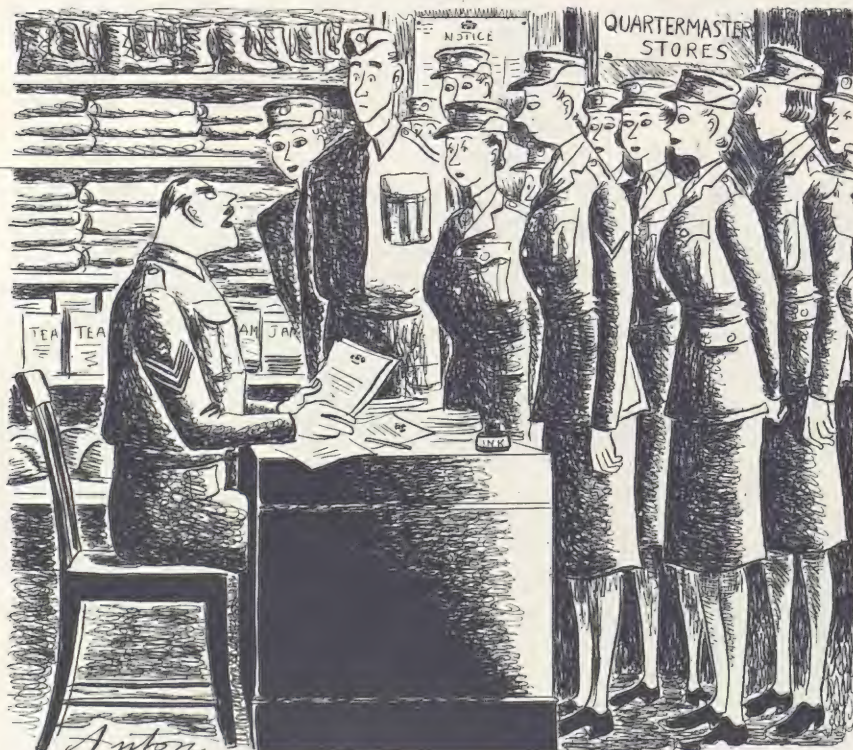
Revolt

WHISTLER, who gored and tossed an innocent art critic for saying his etchings were "of unimportant dimensions," would have taken a crack on principle, we feel, at the *Times* Art Critic—Whistler loved *Times* art critics—for saying recently that most of the watercolours at a Royal Academy show were much too large.

This doesn't seem so important to us as the fact that nudes are still much too large. Three of the world's most famous nudes—the Velasquez ("Rokeby"), Venus, Goya's *La Maja*, and Maet's *Olympia*—are so enormous, especially in their southwestern sector, that they scare us to death, and the art boys don't seem to be able to strike out a new line by painting frail, tiny, lissom, elfin or pocket-size nudes. At the Arts Club we were once told that this has been attempted, but rich patrons complained of short weight.

A big difficulty in wartime is that large nudes keep shrinking and cannot be used even for symbolic purposes, typifying Civic Co-operation, say, or the Spirit of South African Hock. Another difficulty is that the artloving public is now sick of seeing nudes lying down and would like to see pictures of them riding bicycles, or preferably to see pictures of bicycles alone, without nudes. That's our position also.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"But I asked for a dozen 'ats with an 'h'"

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“ Hey ! Excuse Please ”

“ Excuse please ”—that everlasting Japanese formula, ending with a sibilant intake of breath, like trying to whistle backwards—will have a familiar ring to all those who know Japan and Malaya. I have been in both countries, through a barrage of “ Excuse pleases.” The reticence and secretiveness of the Japs are proverbial. I was crossing from Shimonoseki to Shanghai, and talking to the Japanese captain of the ship. By way of conversation I said : “ It was round about here, wasn’t it, that Admiral Togo knocked out the Russian Fleet ? ” The answer was a smiling “ Excuse please.” That particular battle is now only thirty-seven years ago !—Bruce Bairnsfather

Women War Workers



Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. James Rutland

The Hon. Mrs. James Rutland is an Ambulance Sister in No. 121 (Mayfair) Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. At the present time she is doing voluntary nursing work at the Royal Masonic Hospital, Ravenscourt Park. Mrs. Rutland was formerly Joan Claire Florence Milne and is the only daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Milne, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Lady Milne, M.B.E. Through her mother, she is a granddaughter of Sir John Nisbet Maitland, Bart. In 1937 she married Flight-Lieut. James Hart Rutland



Lady Warrender has launched an appeal to all people whose name begins with P to help the Polish Armed Forces. Contributions of money and garments are urgently needed and should be sent to 26, Eaton Terrace, Lady Warrender's headquarters. Lady Warrender, who is the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, started the Fund in 1939 when told by General Sikorski of the terrible sufferings and privations of his people. The Fund has provided many comforts, including musical instruments of all kinds for Polish troops in this country, and in one week alone 5000 garments were despatched to Poles fighting in Russia, who are in desperate need of warm clothing

Left:

Countess Beauchamp

Countess Beauchamp is the County Head of the Central Hospital Supply Service and the W.V.S. County Organiser for Worcestershire. She is also Commandant of the Malvern Red Cross Detachment. Countess Beauchamp, daughter of Fru. J. Birkerod Shrive and widow of Dornonville de la Cour of Copenhagen, married the present Earl in 1936, two years before he succeeded to the title. She is an indefatigable worker for the W.V.S. and Red Cross organisation

Photograph: Bertram Park



Bertram Park

Lady Warrender, President of the Polish Armed Forces Comforts Fund

The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Leathers and Christopher

The Daughter-in-law and Grandson of the
Minister of Transport



At the Garden Door

The wife of the Hon. Frederick Leathers was, before her marriage in June 1940, Miss Elspeth Stewart, a daughter of Sir Thomas Stewart, Governor of Bihar, and Lady Stewart. Her husband is a son of Lord Leathers, who was made a Baron last year, on his appointment as Minister of War Transport. The Frederick Leathers have a son, Christopher Graeme, born in August. They were bombed out of their London flat, and now live at Eastwood, Pelhams Walk, Esher. Their son was christened in October at Esher Parish Church. Mr. Leathers is a director of several companies, shipping, coal and oil, with which his father was formerly associated

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



Christopher and His Mother Sit by the Fire

The Perfect Ballet for

"Casse Noisette"
Revived by the
Sadler's Wells
Company

For the first time since the war, *Casse Noisette* is being given by the Sadler's Wells ballet company at the New Theatre. In pre-war days, this Tchaikovsky children's tale was a regular Christmas event, with the Ivanoff choreography reproduced by Sergueeff, and Doboujinsky's gay decor and dresses. This revival means that all the classical ballets are now in the Wells repertoire once more

Photographs by
Anthony



"Casse Noisette" begins with a Christmas party. Drosselmayer, an old friend of the host and hostess, brings some mechanical toys to amuse the children, and presents a toy Nut-cracker to little Clara. Stars of the first act are Clara and her brother Franz, who, with their friends, are as usual played by the youngest students of the Sadler's Wells ballet school, making their first appearance on the stage. This year, Joan Valerie and Grace Greenway are the little boy and girl. Drosselmayer is Gordon Hamilton

Right: Mary Honer and John Hart alternate with Fonteyn and Helpmann as the Sugar Plum Fairy and the Nut-Cracker Prince in the second act. Mary Honer's delightful performance in this role was well known to Sadler's Wells audiences before the war. Hart, a young "danseur noble" of excellent technique, has lately been seen in a number of big classical roles, understudies Helpmann



The Sugar

To please little Clara when she visits the Prince dance one of the loveliest Helpmann in these roles, with two



After the party Clara comes downstairs again to find her toy Nut-cracker. Instead she finds a live one who turns into a boy and leads her into the magical Kingdom of Sweets. Joan Valerie is a charming and gentle Clara; Michael Charnley is the Nut-cracker



All the Sweets Dance in Honour of Their Small Guest, Clara, When She Visits the Magic Kingdom

All the Sweets in Clara's dream-world dance in her honour. "Chocolat" is represented by a Danse Espagnole, performed by Joy Newton (here), with David Paltenghi as her partner



"Bouffon" is all Russian and one of the most popular dances in "Casse Noisette." Gordon Hamilton performs it with tremendous spirit. He also contributes an excellent piece of character-acting as old Drosselmayer



Danse Chinois stands out from the crowd of Sweets. Kersley are the two to the music which his most brilliant

the Christmas Holidays



Plum Fairy and the Nut-Cracker Prince

visits the Kingdom of Sweets, the Sugar Plum Fairy and the Nut-Cracker Prince perform a classical pas de deux. Here are Margot Fonteyn and Robert Alton, new soloists, Lorna Mossford and Beryl Grey, as the attendant Fairies



This season Margot Fonteyn makes her first appearance as the Sugar Plum Fairy since she was seventeen. In both pas de deux and variation she gives a performance breath-taking in its perfect harmony with the exquisite Tchaikovsky music

By the end of the ballet everyone has forgotten little Clara, for whom all the splendour of the Kingdom of Sweets is displayed. In the grand finale, Sugar Plum and her Prince take the centre of the stage among the lesser Sweets and Fairies. Behind is the icing-sugar decor which these days seems more fantastic than ever



Plum Fairy and the Nut-Cracker Prince

om Ruled by the Sugar
nds for "Tea" in the King-
Duncan Graham and Leo
o Chinamen here who dance
ch inspired Walt Disney to
ant "Fantasia" moment

"Coffee" is a Danse Arabe, generally rather difficult for an English danseuse to make convincing. Palma Nye, who is an increasingly interesting demi-character dancer, brings a strange allure to the slow, sinuous movements of her solo



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Attack

A NEW novel by Mr. H. G. Wells gives one to think furiously—about Mr. Wells in general, about the book in particular, and about oneself. I say "about oneself" because Mr. Wells is the most probing, the most attacking novelist that we have. His attitude to his reader is that of the dog to the cat—he nearly always ends by chasing one up a tree. The tree is a predicament in one's own conscience. Yet they say most dogs really like cats (because they like chasing them) and that most cats really like being chased. I think Mr. Wells likes his reader, in the long run, and the reader's reaction to Mr. Wells may be judged by the zest with which one falls on his latest book.

The last thing to hope for, from any writing of his, is a comfortable laugh—if that means a complacent laugh. As a great comic writer, in many ways he is straight in the Fieeling and the Dickens tradition. And like all great comedians, his object is not to flatter.

The comicality of his characters comes either (or sometimes both) from their pathos and from their awfulness. Their pathos appears in their being victims—and whose victims? their author sternly seems to inquire. And their awfulness—which is still more disconcerting—is not confined to themselves. To an extent it is the awfulness of us all. So that, just as we open our mouths for the easy laugh, Mr. Wells whisks round on us suddenly. "What are you laughing at, there at the back of the room? Are you really so superior to all this?"

This is what I mean by attack. The reader who does not like it—the cat, in fact, that does not like being chased but prefers to sit on the mat being petted and given cream—will probably have decided, some years ago, to give Mr. Wells's novels a wide berth. They will excuse themselves for this indoor attitude by saying that his subjects are disagreeable, that his characters are people one would not care to meet, that he writes about life in a way that is disrespectful, and that one prefers to read about the beautiful and the good.

Edward Albert

IN fact, it is his respect for life and its possibilities, and his very wish for the beautiful and the good, that give Mr. Wells such a

ruthless pen. One might say that he writes on behalf of life: it enrages him to see life warped and misused.

In Edward Albert Tewler, hero—or better say "central character"—of *You Can't Be Too Careful* (Secker and Warburg; 9s.), one finds a bad case of a life warped from the start and misused, from that start, in a fiddling but hopelessly thorough way. The fact that Tewler ends up as (in his own view) a success—recipient, among other things, of a G.C. in the present war—only makes his life-story more hair-raising.

Edward Albert did not even like being born, and his attitude to the world in which he unwillingly found himself was from the first a suspicious and shifty one. Hence the book's title. He was the only child of decent lower middle-class parents, living in Camden Town. Mr. Tewler père is killed in a street accident (due to over-caution at the wrong moment) when Edward Albert is four, so the widowed mother's solicitudes all centre on the inauspicious child. Ardent chapel-goer, and in her own way idealist, she is oppressed by the difficulties of bringing up a male child in this wicked world: she is anxious that Edward should grow up "clean."



Harlip

Mrs. Paul Richey

The elder daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, chairman of the Forestry Commission, was married to Acting Squadron Leader Paul Henry Richey, when he was on leave from France in December 1939. Paul Richey, who received last month a bar to his D.F.C., is the author of "Fighter Pilot," published anonymously in this country, and later in America under his name. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel G. H. M. Richey, a distinguished soldier who won the D.S.O. in the Boer War and was one of the organisers of the gendarmerie in Albania, where his son spent some of his childhood.

This anxiety makes her involve herself in a series of talks—in which, inhibited by her own modesty, she can no more than hint at all the evils she fears—with her friend Mrs. Humble-day (a charming character), who has lived and loved (but remains at the end of everything very confused and breathless), with a minister who hums and haws at her dubiously, and with a pious schoolmaster who is on the make. To this Mr. Myame and his establishment Mrs. Tewler confides her darling in far too excellent faith.

Exploitation

POOR Edward is no one's darling but hers. Mrs. Tewler's own fear of life—she finally does for herself by the taking of quack medicines for imaginary ills—comes out in her child in a shifty caution: he dreads and dislikes everything that he does not know, and as he knows almost nothing you may judge of his state. But his caution does not save him from exploitation: Edward is exploited left, right and centre by the harpies that—as Mr. Wells is at pains to show us—a deplorable social system has bred.

(Concluded on page 58)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

BY now, I suppose, most of us have broken our New Year good resolutions, even if we can remember what they were! I know I have. They went off like air-balloons the same afternoon. I have a strong suspicion that many of them were merely *ballons d'essai*: just experiments to test my moral uplift.

My moral uplift apparently failed to pass the test. Reason—or was it laziness?—came to the rescue. It said to me: "Everyone must have certain weaknesses to keep them human. They add a spice to life—troublesome though they often be. Let bad alone, lest worse befall!" I did!

All the same, for the time being I felt extremely virtuous and, consequently, not a bit as I really am. My friends found me rather tiresome; as the good so often are who are self-conscious of their goodness. They didn't take my good resolutions seriously. They knew I should fail them. Indeed, I knew it myself! We were both right.

Unfortunately, when sometimes we fail to sustain our sudden rushes of unusual virtue, we fall back further beyond the point from which we started to rush. Consequently, I sometimes think it would be wiser to make a few bad resolutions; since, if the fall be due to desperation or faintness of heart, we thereafter often rise to greater heights.

Indeed, it is easier to become tired of the mire than it is to be bored by a too-rarefied atmosphere. Midway is where, I suppose, we truly live and breathe and

have our natural being. There alone, perhaps, lies true safety. Anything very much higher or very much lower doesn't properly belong. If we expected, or are expected, to be good all the time, a great deal of unnecessary chagrin is invited. So long as the good predominates in the aggregate, we shouldn't disgrace our heavenly record.

After all, we all have a lot to contend with—both within ourselves and due to outside interference, over which only destiny has complete control. The way of the transgressor may be rough, but so also is the way of the good resolutionist. Besides, if we never transgress, there is nothing to make good resolves about—which really gets us nowhere beyond a dull level.

I once knew a good woman who, under the impression that God would be gratified, refused to take sugar in her tea during Lent—and let everybody know it. Unfortunately, quite unconsciously, she put in her usual two lumps on Good Friday of all days, and felt positively sinful. Personally, I thought it did her a lot of good. It brought Lent home to her, if not the foolishness of such a silly form of self-sacrifice.

If you are going to make a good resolution, make one which will benefit others, preferably the less fortunate. Then the world would really be a much happier place; if only because there would be fewer saintly prigs presenting themselves with laurels.

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Racing and Dancing in Ireland



Captain and Mrs. Darby Rogers watched Mr. D. B. Reynold's Sleiverdagh win the Tower Hurdle Race at Leopardstown. Captain Rogers is an English trainer who has been very successful in Ireland since the war



Miss Beryl Talbot, the pretty daughter of Mr. Richard M. Talbot, of Skryne Court, Tara, Co. Meath, wore a check coat and Newmarket boots at Leopardstown races



The Last Irish Race Meeting of 1941 at Leopardstown, Dublin

The Duchess de Stacpoole was with her son, Mr. Peter de Stacpoole, at Leopardstown. With them (centre) was Surgeon O'Reilly. The Duchess is the wife of the Duke de Stacpoole, a Duke of the Papal States, and an ex-Master of the Kill Hounds

The Hon. Major Herbrand and Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Denis Domville, Mrs. Alexander's son by her first marriage, went racing at Leopardstown. Major Alexander is her presumptive to the Earl of Caledon



Photographs by
Poole, Dublin

The Ward Union Staghounds Hunt Ball was held at Gresham Hotel, Dublin

Mrs. Larry Eagan, Mr. George Malcomson, the well-known owner, polo-player and amateur rider, and Mr. Larry Eagan had a drink together between dances. Mr. Eagan won the first Red Cross 'Chase in 1940 with Jack Chauer. His wife is a daughter of Mr. M. P. Minch, former Joint-Master of the Queen's County Hounds

Sitting out together were Captain R. P. Gill, 16/5th Lancers, and Miss Deirdre Shepherd, daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Shepherd. Captain Gill was before the war a faithful follower of the Kildare Hounds, and a crack polo player. Miss Shepherd hunts with the Dunhallow Hounds, Co. Cork

Mrs. Levins-Moore looked on while her husband pulled a cork. He is Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, the only Staghounds in Eire. The former Joint-Master, Lord Fingall, is serving in the Army for the duration

Mr. Justice Wylie had supper with Miss Peggy Minch, daughter of Mr. M. P. Minch and a sister of Mrs. Larry Eagan. Judge Wylie—incidentally a very fine judge of horseflesh—was formerly Master of the Ward Union Staghounds and President of the Royal Dublin Society



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Premier's "Bloody Prop"

MANY kind persons have written to the papers telling the world that Mr. Churchill was quite in order when he used the expression "a bloody prop" *vis à vis* what was coming to the Führer of Germany. It was always 2 to 1 on the Premier, for was he not at one time, like another famous Premier in history, a subaltern in a cavalry regiment?

Some correspondents have quoted the New English Dictionary (Oxford), where it is explained that the word "prop" is used of a horse who suddenly sticks his forepaws in the ground when in full flight. I expect that Mr. Churchill, when serving with his regiment in India, encountered the Australian remount. He may even have called a "prop" a buck, using the same epithet. Many other people have done so to my personal knowledge.

Prop and No Stay

It is very necessary to add that when a "prop" has been called a buck by an Englishman, any Australian present, who may have helped to collect the scattered remains of the horseman, has invariably smiled sardonically and said something about your something well waiting till you really meet a something buck. From such small experience as I am able to claim, the "prop" is the precursor of the buck backwards, a habit which descends to some Australian horses from some remote Brumby ancestor. A Brumby is a really wild horse, and not just the kind of horse that you or I may consider wild.

A proper propper can eventually prop himself clean out of the saddle without bursting the girths. The first-class outlaw can do this. It is a mean, vulgar trick, because he takes advantage of the fact that they have not dared to girth him up

tight before attempting to mount. He is also very clever at inflating himself the moment that the saddle is put on his back. It is when they take the horse-rug off his head and let go the leg that someone has been holding up, that the fun properly begins.

What happy memories the phrase we are discussing must have brought back to Mr. Churchill, and I feel it in my bones that he is now about to play the part of the Brumby.

Cheltenham's Four-Miler

IF there had been a Grand National in the offing in March, any win over 4 miles of the Cheltenham course in January would have attracted much more attention than is the case where the success of Mr. J. Vincenzi's nice horse Irish Duke is concerned. For a victory over a long journey like that, even though the obstacles are not the same as the Aintree ones, is always bound to arouse the interest of the careful student of form.

If there had been a National to come, Irish Duke's nice even performance, even with that light weight on his back, would have sent him bouncing up in the betting. He had only 9 st. 13 lb. Four miles are four miles, a very different problem to a "spurt" over half that distance, or even to three miles, for it is the little bit extra which finds out the soft spots.

Again, there is many a pilot who can work out an operation over a short trip, but it demands the ordered brain of the Professor to compete with the long-drawn-out battle. You can observe this thing demonstrated out hunting, and I have no doubt that many of us can recall that man who made



Lt.-Gen. B. L. Montgomery Inspects Home Guard

A tough and realistic course of camouflage, combined with field tactics, is given to detachments of Home Guards at the Fieldcraft School in the South-Eastern Command. Throughout the course, students have to behave as if they were in close contact with the enemy. Lieut.-General B. L. Montgomery, C.B., D.S.O., Army Commander, South-Eastern Command, recently paid a visit of inspection to the School

our hair stand on end by his brilliance over, say, the first two miles; but it was when he began to doubt whether he had as much ammunition as he thought that he had that the story altered and he faded away like a wisp of mist and you never saw him again.

Irish Duke

WHY this well-performed steed went out at 100-8 at Cheltenham, and they elected to make Mrs. James Rank's Santac favourite, I do not pretend to know. The form in the three miles Andoversford 'Chase (also at Cheltenham, December 13) seems to suggest that if Santac was worth backing, Irish Duke ought to have been much better worth while. On December 13 Santac was giving 4 lb. and finished sixth, Irish Duke winning by a head from Home Lover, from whom he was also getting 4 lb. In this four miles 'chase Santac was getting 3 lb. from Irish Duke, but that big difference on their former weights did not seem to bridge the gap in view of the consistent performances of the winner.

In addition to this win in the Andoversford 'Chase just referred to, Irish Duke had run a good second to The Hack in the Christmas 'Chase over three miles at Cheltenham on December 29, and had that



D. R. Stuart

London Beat the R.A.F. at Richmond by a Dropped Goal and a Penalty Goal (7-0)

L. to r. (back row): Wm. C. Ramsay (secretary, London R.F.C.), A. L. Evans (Rosslyn Park), D. M. Strathie (Guy's), R. O. Crouch (Rosslyn Park), R. L. Hall (Bart's), S. A. Evans (Rosslyn Park), R. F. Camp (Guy's), J. H. Steeds (Middlesex Hospital), W. W. Wakefield, M.P. (referee); (sitting) F. M. McRae (St. Mary's), H. R. Mullins (Guy's), T. F. Huskisson (O.M.T.'s), T. A. Kemp (captain, St. Mary's), F. G. Tyler (Rosslyn Park), H. D. Cockburn (St. Mary's); (on ground) R. A. Huskisson (Oxford and O.M.T.'s), B. W. T. Ritchie (St. Thomas's). T. A. Kemp and T. F. Huskisson are internationals



D. R. Stuart

L. to r. (standing): E. Watkins (Cardiff and Wales), G. T. Dancer (Bedford and England), M. Harding (Newport), K. I. Geddes (Cambridge University), W. Fallowsfield (Northampton), J. Mycock (Harlequins), W. T. Reynolds (Bristol), W. W. Wakefield, M.P. (referee); (sitting) O. W. Knight (Auckland and New Zealand Trials), R. Rankin (N.S.W. and Australia), A. Edwards (Salford and Wales R.L.), C. G. Gilthorpe (captain, Wasps and England), R. J. Longland (Northampton and England), H. M. Powell (Swansea); (on ground) H. Walters (Swansea), S. Morgan (Swansea). G. T. Dancer, R. Rankin, A. Edwards, C. G. Gilthorpe, E. Watkins and R. J. Longland are internationals



Miss R. Barratt and a Famous Chow

At the recent Members' Sanction Show of the Romford and District Canine Society, Miss Barratt exhibited her mother's chow-chow, "Great Westwood Remus." Miss Barratt is the only daughter of Captain Stanley Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds since 1930, and Mrs. Barratt, of Great Westwood, King's Langley



Officers of a Battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment

Photographed with the Colonel of the Regiment, Field-Marshal Sir Cyril J. Deverell, G.C.B., K.B.E. Front row: Captains D. H. Duke, G. W. Ward, C. H. Butt, T. D. C. Gilson, M.C., R. W. Jackson; the Commanding Officer, Field-Marshal Sir Cyril J. Deverell, G.C.B., K.C.B.; Majors J. S. Gordon, M.C., R. B. Armistead, M.C.; Captains E. S. Geldard, G. S. Haslop; Lieut. J. H. Keeves; Captain P. R. E. Woodward. Middle row: Lieut. W. Higgins; 2nd Lieuts. E. M. Scott-Barrett, M. W. P. Brooke, W. D. V. Norman, G. T. Gage, W. J. Gilmore, E. A. Thompson, R. K. M. Rutherford, P. Corderoy, H. Tate, D. Brearley, C. Gledden, K. Marshall; Captain S. W. Davidson. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. B. J. Cole, M. Pettitt, W. de J. Styles, A. H. Kershaw, J. W. Hemingway

good horse Savon just behind him, to make no mention of the distinguished also-rans such as Killstar (the favourite, who was done with two fences from home), Teme Willow, The Uplifter, etc.

Artistic Snorters

THE second word is hunting slang for a prodigious obstacle, and I think that anyone who is called upon to do the dangerous and ride over any fence instead of joining the uncomfortable, heated, and often quarrelsome queue in a gateway must be very thankful that, however dreadful it may be, it is not, and never has been, as bad as our friends the artists have depicted it to be.

I used to think that Henry Alken (1785-1851) was the principal offender in the way of concocting impossible places ridden at in an impossible way: the rider hailing a cab, with his horse all abroad; his hands and seat nohow, but it is certain that some of the moderns are equally guilty. Some of them ought to know, and are not of the class who cannot ever have known what a horse with a man on top looks like.

A Christmas card by a very famous modern artist, now unhappily defunct, has given me a very good example. It depicts a funny-looking chap in a pink coat jumping a stile, which is a good four feet six high, and is placed in the gap of a masonry wall which cannot be less than seven feet high; there is a ditch in front which might be anything from 6 ft. to 8 ft. wide, and there is a tree on the landing side which is dead in the line of advance. The steed has the worst pair of hocks you could imagine, and when he is standing still they must be right up under his tail, as the saying goes. They are the last pair of levers in life suited to lift the owner of them over such an ugly place, particularly as the take-off is a bit uphill. The gap in which the stile is placed is very narrow indeed. They have gaps a bit like this one in those enormous walls in the Lauderdale country, which, incidentally, was at one period an annexe of the Buccleuch, but even there you could not find any obstacle like the one on this Christmas card. It is a good instance of how the artists like to pile on the agony.

Prisoners of War Camp Caricatures

By Lieut. Frank Slater

Lieut. Frank Slater, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, sent his wife these caricatures of his fellow officers who are prisoners at Oflag VII. C in Germany. Lieut. Slater, who was taken prisoner at St. Valery in June 1940, has now been moved to Oflag VI. B



**Eyre—Spence**

Wing Commander Anthony Eyre, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late G. W. B. Eyre and Mrs. Eyre, of Purley, married Jean Mary Spence, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. P. M. Spence, of Salmon's Cross, Reigate, at Sidlow Bridge Church, Salmon's Cross

**Ewing—Gillespie**

Sub-Lieut. William S. R. Ewing, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ewing, of 10, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, and Mary Elizabeth Gillespie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Gillespie, of Westbourne Terrace, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

**Kennedy—Birbeck**

Bruce Bingham Kennedy, Ayrshire Yeomanry, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Norman Kennedy, of Doonholme, Ayr, married Deborah Birbeck, at Westacre Church, Norfolk. She is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. H. A. Birbeck, of Westacre, Norfolk

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings

**Lenare**

Mrs. D. R. Holderness-Roddam
Susan Forman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Forman, of Wilverley Lodge, Woodton, New Forest, was married to Captain D. R. Holderness-Roddam, younger son of Major and Mrs. Holderness-Roddam, of Roddam Hall, Northumberland, at St. Saviour's Church, Brockenhurst

**Morton—Campbell**

Flight-Lieut. James S. Morton, of Hampstead, was married at St. Mary's Church, Oatlands, Weybridge, to Marguerite Caroline Campbell, W.A.A.F., of Oatlands, Weybridge, Surrey

Wharry—Barry

Lieut. Reginald Gordon Wharry, Reconnaissance Corps, son of the late H. G. Wharry, and of Mrs. Wharry, of 105, Cadogan Gardens, S.W., and Aileen Barry were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Barry, of Kingston

**Gilmour—Wood**

Captain Allan M. Gilmour, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Captain A. M. Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Invercauld, Sutherland, was married at St. Columbia's Church, Nairn, to Jean Wood, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. G. Wood, of Gollanfield House, Gollanfield, Inverness

**Cobley—Day**

Pilot Officer Roger Cobley, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cobley, of the Thicket, Weybridge, and Ailsa Day, were married at Finchley. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Day, of Gosmore, Hadley Wood, Herts.



Swayne—Cairnes

Lieut. R. O. C. Swayne, son of Colonel and Mrs. Swayne, of Tillington Court, Hereford, and Charmian Cairnes, only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. E. P. Cairnes, of Bollingham House, Eardisley, Hereford, were married at St. Silas's Church, Eardisley



Browne—Warren

Sec.-Lieut. Ulick Browne, R.A., younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Alfred Browne, and the late Lady Alfred Browne, of Westport House, Co. Mayo, married Mrs. Elma Warren, younger daughter of Capt. Andrew Burmanoff, and the late Mme. Burmanoff, at Caxton Hall Register Office



Maclean—Milne-Barbour

Commander Hugh Chapman Maclean, R.N., son of the late Mr. G. A. Maclean, and of Mrs. Maclean, of Westfield, Elgin, was married to Elizabeth Milne-Barbour, daughter of Mr. John Milne-Barbour, M.P., of Conway, Dunmurray, Belfast, and of the late Mrs. Elise Milne-Barbour, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Heath—Hatch

Lieut. John Neville Butler Heath, R.N.V.R., elder son of the late H. C. Heath and of Mrs. Heath, of Dunstan, Tadworth, Surrey, married Ursula Mary (Betty) Hatch, at St. Jude's, Collingham Road, S.W. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hatch, of Newlands, Tadworth, Surrey



Gordon—Bigger

Surg.-Lt. Kenneth G. O. Gordon, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gordon, of Corsee, Bellfield Terrace, Portobello, Middlethian, married Eileen Patricia, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Bigger, of Hurley, Walton-on-Thames, at St. Mary's Church, Walton-on-Thames



Bartlett—Stirling

Lieut.-Com. P. J. H. Bartlett, R.N., was married to Margaret Stirling at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, W. She is the daughter of the late Admiral A. J. B. Stirling, and Mrs. Stirling, of Lymington, Hants.



Solley—Lotery

Bassano

Dr. Rupert Solley married Doreen Lotery at St. John's Wood Synagogue, Abbey Road. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lotery, of 2, Aberdare Gardens, N.W.



Hannah—Holloway

Lieut. Richard C. Hannah, R.A.M.C., only son of Mr. Alexander Hannah, K.C., of Calgary, Canada, and the late Mrs. Hannah, married Katherine, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Holloway, of Slacys, at Beaconsfield, Bucks., at Beaconsfield Church

Cadet Robert Hall, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall, of Hertford, married Ruth Kemp, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kemp, of Lindfield, Sanderstead, Surrey, at All Saints', Sanderstead



Hall—Kemp

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Bookery Nook

Air and hot air do not mix. Or, to put it plainly, flying a kite does not go well with shooting a line or telling the tale. The expert pilot, though, far from dumb, is often inarticulate. The result is that the full flame and fury of modern air war are rarely represented in the books.

Yet there have been good first-hand accounts of air action, and I am going here to butt in on the book-of-the-month boys and proclaim my own choice. I refer now to first-hand descriptive works alone, not to general discussions and reports of air matters, of which there have been many excellent examples. But of the first-hand accounts of air action I can select only three: *Fighter Pilot*, *I Had a Row with a German*, and an astonishing fragment called *Dawn to Dusk*, which appears in the current issue of the *Royal Air Force Quarterly*.

This fragment is described as "A Diary of an Aircrewman in Fighter Command" and is a really remarkable document. I have once or twice had hard things to say about the *R.A.F. Quarterly*; but I do sincerely congratulate it and my friend Wing Commander C. G. Burge on giving publicity to this vivid bit of writing.

Fast Words

It is recounted in a curious staccato style, dashed off, as it seems, in the first words that came, with slang forming part of the texture. It strikes the ear in a rushing series of sharp and stimulating sounds like that recent William Walton overture. There are abrupt transitions, disjointed exclamations, flying, fleeting words and phrases. The time is that of the air battles over Britain, during the heaviest fighting.

Here is a sample: "Back at dispersal half an hour—the panic bell rings. One dirty mad rush, pilots and ground crews bumping and

boring to get to their kites. Some clumsy idiot has kicked my shins. The Spits take off. I go and read my letter for the third time. Am half-way through; the Sergeant yells at us to take cover. I stick the letter down my gum boot and scam for shelter. 1003 squadron positioning themselves for the take-off.

"Bags of action! Jerry is overhead; must be hundreds of them by the din. Spurts of earth bursting up by 1003 dispersal huts. I watch six of 1141 Spits tear down the flying-field, the other six are starting their dash. Woo-fi! Wam! Woo-fi! A million new kinds of stars are dancing in front of my eyes. There were six Spits abreast—now only four were visible. Cripes! a bomb has landed between two of them; bits of metal are still flying about. All ground crews are rushing towards the wrecks, unconscious of danger from above. We have a good look. No, I guess two oxygen bottles are all that is left of ten thousand quids' worth of the best fighter aircraft in the world.

"The night isn't so intense to-night with enemy action; gives the card players a break and fixes me broke. The tannoy comes on with the day's swag—yes!—seven was pukka gen all right.

"Dawn again, we begin the beguine. Once again an early panic for all three squadrons. Good old Degal! They sweep down the flying-field, six abreast, eager to get upstairs. We see some smoke trails flitting across the blue. Operations gives us the gen—they're Wops. Our squadron have sighted a formation of 100s. They are about to intercept—we wonder about the Wops. 1141 Squadron are now intercepting nine Junkers over our base. We dash out to see the fun—long and crazy smoke trails all over the sky, an angry whine holds the boys agape. A Spit is coming down with flames pouring in its wake—bad luck! A wise wants to know who did the

daily on it. It's got as much chance of ever being found as I have of becoming a W.O. Two other kites are completing their last trip with flames and thick smoke pouring from them—but they're Junkers! Panics go on all through the afternoon and evening, right up to dusk release.

"The tannoy spouts the gen at nine o'clock. We cease everything, letter-writing, reading and carding to listen. The first Wop blood goes to the Burma Squadron; they shot the entire Wop formation down."

Accuracy

To me this is the most vivid account of the Royal Air Force during the air battles over Britain. Readers who see the description will, I think, mostly agree with me.

Fighter Pilot has received its full tribute of praise, and I need not repeat the commendations. The other book, *I Had a Row with a German*, is curious. Like *Fighter Pilot*, it is written in conventional style and not in the language of the *Dawn to Dusk* piece; but it has three parts: one ordinary; one brilliantly descriptive and dealing with air fighting; and one soberly thoughtful and interesting dealing with the patching-up by a series of plastic operations of the author after he had baled out of his flaming aeroplane.

I must repeat that all the publications I am now talking about are first-hand accounts of air actions. From time to time I have given my views on books of discussion, policy and second-hand description.

Question

ABOUT a week after the New Year had been ushered in I was discussing with some friends the question of what was the greatest air feat of 1941. The point cropped up as a result of the innumerable reviews of the year's fighting.

Extraordinary answers were given to this question; but my own opinion was not shaken. It was that the greatest air feat of 1941 was the air work of the Middle East Command.

It was good to see that Air Marshal A. W. Tedder had appeared in the New Year's Honours List as receiving the K.C.B. He was the supreme head, and under him there worked other R.A.F. officers who deserve recognition from the country. They included the officers commanding in the Western Desert and in Malta.



Mrs. Basil Rathbone Gives a Party for the R.A.F. in Los Angeles

Mrs. Basil Rathbone, wife of the film actor, recently entertained to tea a party of R.A.F. pilots who were visiting Hollywood. Some of her guests are photographed above. Back row, l. to r.: Group Captain J. N. Boothman, Wing Commander James Little, Wing Commander I. N. H. Whitworth; front row, l. to r.: Basil Rathbone, Wing Commander H. I. Edwards, Wing Commander Michael Croxley, the Hon. Cecil Howard



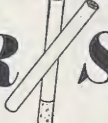
The R.A.F. Present "No, No, Nanette"

Chika Lane is "Nanette" and June Clapperton "Lucille" in the R.A.F. production of "No, No, Nanette" presented by Captain Clifford Mollison and Pilot Officer Freddie Carpenter. Squadron Leader Graham Doody is with Chika Lane in the first photograph, Flight Lieutenant Tomlinson with June Clapperton in the second

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

Frocks for informal weddings are well to the fore at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. This firm have taken into consideration that these dresses may have to do duty afterwards, when the bride becomes merely a guest. It is there that the outfit below may be seen. It is carried out in a fine wool fabric of an elusive pinky-beige shade. The arrangement of the pleats is very clever, as they have a slimming effect. The corsage is relieved with golden motifs in the form of ladybirds; the sleeves are short, and the scheme is completed with a coatie trimmed with fur. Naturally, the black frock has many representatives. Some are made of diaphanous materials relieved with lace motifs. It must not be forgotten that washing frocks have already arrived, and there are a few carried out in fancy silk, while others have a lace design. Checks and stripes share honours



It was really an inspiration on the part of Elizabeth Arden (whose London salons are at 25, Old Bond Street) to arrange for the "Service Cut" for on and off duty. The hair is treated in such a manner that the wearing of the cap has no deleterious effect on it. The picture at the top of the page shows the hair dressed for "on duty" — of course, the cap has to be added. When the time for relaxation comes, the hair can be brushed out in the way shown in the other picture. There are no complications about this; the artist in hair demonstrates how it can be done at home; combing and brushing is all that is necessary. There are many variations on this theme, hence every type may be suited

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Social Roundabout

(Continued from page 45)

From Edinburgh

THE DE GUISE continues to be crowded to capacity with the celebrities of the north, and recent revellers were Lord Airlic, Mrs. Bruce Ogilvie, Sir David King Murray, Major Lord Douglas Gordon and Lady Douglas Gordon, Mrs. Gilmour-Smith, Mr. Reggie Beloe, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson. Cowan Dobson's new portrait of his wife is to be a Bacchante, which should be lovely. Their London studio, in Edwardes Square, is uninhabitable because it has no windows, and plate-glass of studio-window size is unobtainable.

From Staffordshire

LADY SHREWSBURY spoke on Ladies' Day at Dudley Rotary Club, where there was a large attendance of members, their wives and friends. The president of the club welcomed her, and was able to announce the acknowledgment by Lady Dorothy Meynell of a cheque for £138 for the Red Cross of Staffordshire as a result of the dance recently organised by the Dudley and Rowley Regis Rotary Clubs.

Lady Shrewsbury is a member of the Appeals' Committee for Staffordshire Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, and she has volunteered to visit industrial towns in the midlands to speak on the wonderful work of the organisation.

From Ireland

LEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN REYNOLDS has arrived in Dublin to become Military Attaché to the United States Legation there. His family came from Wales originally, and he has been attached to the 27th Division of the U.S. Army since 1915, and served in a machine gun battalion under Major-General John F. O'Ryan, an Irishman, in the last war. For some years he was a lawyer in America.

An interesting Irish engagement is between Miss Molly O'Connor, elder daughter of Mr. Charles O'Connor of Lucan House, Lucan, County Dublin, and Mr. William Teeling of Ower, County Galway.

Engagement

BARONESS DORNDORF is engaged to Captain Anthony Ryan. She was Miss Dorothy Patten, the racing motorist, before her first marriage, and is a young and very attractive and amusing widow, with copious vitality and personality. Her flat in Berkeley Square is beautifully furnished with things she brought back from Austria, and there is a big cupboard full of cups and other silver prizes she won motor racing. Her big white car has had to be put by for the duration, but she goes and visits it occasionally in its exile.

People

THE Marquis and Marquise Casa Maury were lunching together: she looked very slim and neat, without a hat. Her daughter, Penelope Dudley Ward, has been about, too, looking very good, also without a hat. She has always had the attractive platinum streak in her hair which people sometimes get for themselves from hairdressers.

Lord Waleran, in Air Force uniform, was having a Sunday morning drink in the May Fair, and Mr. and Mrs. Clive Graham came in too. She has specially long eyelashes.

Other people around and about lately include Lord Tredegar, Miss Diana Trench, Mr. George Robey, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Mr. Richard Greene and Mr. Lionel Perry. Lady Lucas, too, was out to lunch again, after being ill for some time.

Joint and Dump

VIC OLIVER's great cabaret joke used to be: "Excuse me for calling this dump a joint." Both words sound gay and raffish, which the young like to suppose themselves to be, and the Mirabelle is a "joint" usually well decorated with people of youth, beauty and interest.

Lady Petre, who was Miss Peggy Hamilton, was with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Byass—she was Miss Celia Palmer, and always very amusing. Miss Ghislane Dressulhuys, in red, was at a table with Lord Moore. Captain James Drummond Hay was dancing, Captain Freddie Hennesay was there, and so, at different tables, were Miss Patience Brand and Miss Georgina Cookson.



Swabe

"Mad Jack" of the Commandos and his wife

Major J. M. T. F. Churchill, M.C., is the bag-piping major who so valiantly led the successful attack on the island of Maaloy, near Vaagso, recently. He was awarded the M.C. for gallantry at Dunkirk. In March last, Major Churchill married Rosamund Margaret, elder daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Denny of Cardross, Dumbartonshire



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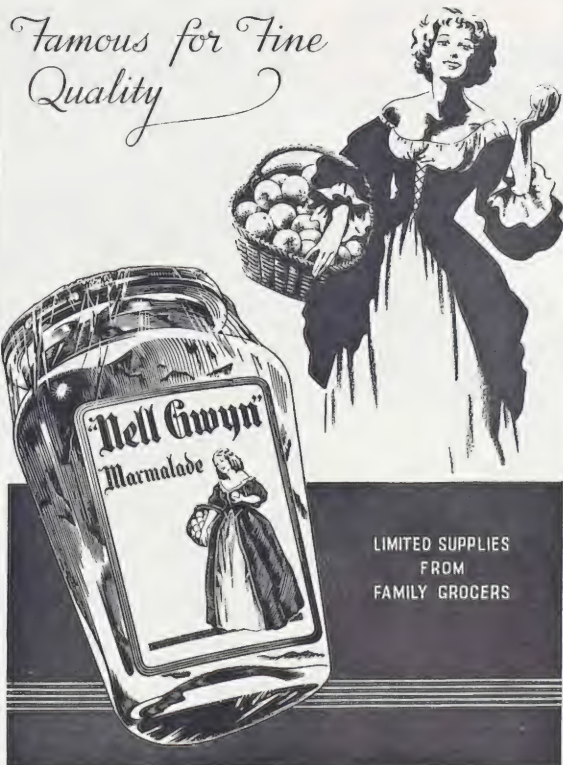
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Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE nervous-looking man was applying for a job. "I think I shall be able to suit all your requirements, sir," he said.

The manager, after looking at his references, shook his head.

"I am afraid you won't do," he said. "We're wanting a single man."

The applicant's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"But," he gulped, "when I applied yesterday, you said you wanted a married man!"

"I'm sorry," said the manager, "it must have been a mistake."

"Mistake!" shouted the applicant. "It's all very well to sit there and say it's a mistake. What am I to do? You see, I went straight out and got married!"

A YOUNG Irish couple had had a daughter born to them. On returning from the christening they met a friend.

"An' pwhat did ye call the little darlint!" asked the latter.

"Hazel," replied the fond parents.

"Hazel!" ejaculated the friend. "Glory be! There are thirteen saints in the calendar and ye have to go and call her after a bally nut!"

THREE Italian bombers encountered one of our aircraft and were shot down into the sea.

The crews, numbering twelve in all, were picked up by a British battleship and put to bed in the spare top bunks.

Next morning, when the captain inspected them, he found they were bruised black and blue.

"What's happened to these prisoners!" he inquired.

"Well, sir," explained a sailor, "one of them kept saying 'Spitfire, Spitfire,' in his sleep, and every time he said 'Spitfire' the other eleven baled out!"

A PARTY of soldiers were "ragging" a very raw-looking recruit, and had spent almost the entire evening at the sport. But they could not rouse him at all, and the sport became somewhat tame as a consequence.

At last one of the party burst out: "Lumme, man, can't you hear what we're saying?"

"Oh, yes, I can all right," came the calm reply, "but I'm quite used to that sort of talk. You see I was an attendant in a lunatic asylum before I joined up."

A CELEBRITY was placed next to a talkative and inquisitive lady at a dinner, and was excessively bored with her questions.

"Tell me, won't you?" she asked, "what was your greatest ambition as a child, and have you attained it?"

The celebrity looked at her sadly, and said: "Madam, I regret to say I never attained my boyhood ambition."

"Ah, what was that?" she gasped, eagerly. "Madam, my greatest ambition was to throw an egg into an electric fan!"

MAID (announcing callers): "Mr. and Mrs. 'Awkin, mum, an' I doubt if we've 'ouse.'"

THE motorist had had an accident. His car had run over a man's toes, and the victim was claiming damages.

"What! You want £40 for a damaged foot?" cried the motorist. "I'm not a millionaire!"

"Perhaps not," replied the victim. "And I'm not a centipede."



Nervo and Knox are the Bad Men of the Stoll Pantomime

Smiling faces hide the wicked hearts and evil intentions of two rascally robbers. Nervo and Knox rollick their way through, true to pantomime tradition. The babes, played this year by two sisters, Nancy and Mollie Munks, are unconscious of their danger. "Babes in the Wood" has Tessa Deane as Robin Hood, and Helen Barnes as Maid Marion. Merial Gaunt is the premiere danseuse.

"WHAT do you think," said the husband, crossly. "The bank has returned my cheque." "Splendid, darling!" cried the wife. "What shall we buy with it this time?"

(Concludes on page 72)

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

A RIVERSIDE RETREAT FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

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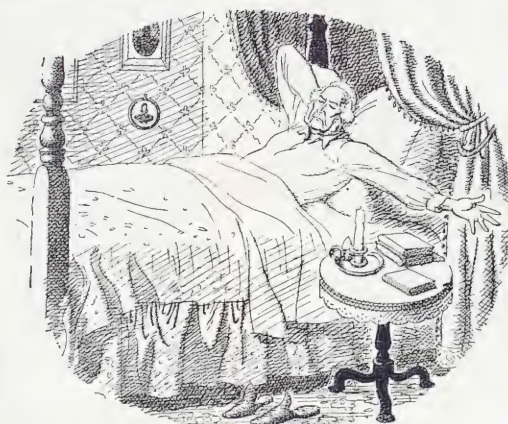
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Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of Great Britain at various periods between 1874 and 1894.

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QUID PRO QUO

"I say, Donald, I wonder if you'd mind swapping your weekend leave with me. I want to run up to Town."

"Utterly, finally and categorically—no."

"Now don't be so difficult, Donald, old man. It's most important. My girl's got a spot of leave, too, and I haven't seen her for centuries."

"Well, supposing I do a deal with you, what do I get out of it?"

"How about a copy of Mein Kampf—or a nice pair of trousers?"

"Nothing doing. But there is just one thing..."

"Well?"

"My Gestapo tells me that you have hoarded away in your hold-all, a bottle of the true, genuine Rose's Lime Juice."

"But this is blackmail."

"So what? Rose's nowadays is scarcer than hot water bottles in the Western Desert. And a desperate man will stick at nothing."

"You're a hard man, Donald, but it can't be helped. Take my bottle of Rose's Lime Juice. But remember, I expect you to repay me with at least a crate of Rose's after the war."

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A Wartime Innovation and save coupons

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"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?"

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Bubble and Squeak

Continued from page 70

MUSSOLINI went for a trip with the Italian Fleet. Presently they sighted what appeared to be a British ship, and the whole fleet immediately turned tail, put up a smoke screen and raced for home.

They were still speeding along when the admiral approached Mussolini, and said: "It's all right, sir. It was only a mirage."

"All the same keep going!" cried the Duce. "Those miragians are a treacherous crowd!"

"My good woman," said the judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby in your arms, and the bus was coming down on the right side and the taxi on the left, and the motor-cycle was trying to pass the bus, you saw the plaintiff between the motor-cycle and the taxi, or whether you saw him at all, near the motor-cycle, taxi and bus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was very stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he cried. "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew two lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the thin man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside the chalk lines don't count."

A RECRUIT was on guard duty for the first time. The officer in charge, to test his alertness, approached stealthily and waited to be challenged. After a few minutes he stepped forward and shouted:

"Hey, do you know I've been here for five minutes already!"

"That's nothing," came the reply. "I've been here nearly two hours."

Two Scotsmen had ventured into the wilds. On their first night the dismal howling of a wolf disturbed their rest. Macpherson rose to his feet, seized his rifle, and said: "Ah'll bet ye an ounce o' tobacco I kill that wolf!"

He went out into the darkness. Some time later he returned, dragging a dead wolf. MacTavish parted with an ounce of tobacco.

Just before dawn another howl rent the air and MacTavish said: "Give me that tobacco back. Ye've killed the wrong one!"

"Now then, Tommy," said the teacher, "tell me what is a neutral?"

"A neutral," replied Tommy, "is a person who doesn't care who kills Hitler."

IN a certain golf club a very handsome trophy had been put up for a competition open to members who had never won a prize before. At the presentation of the prize the winner, a very popular player, returned thanks.

"I think it is an excellent idea," he said. "This trophy for players who have never won a prize before, and to celebrate my victory in a fitting way I want to stand drinks to everybody here who has never had a drink before!"

A TIMID soul at a prize fight put all his fears in his pocket and told the tough guy in front of him to stop bobbing up and down. The tough one got very annoyed, and turning round belligerently, said: "Whatsa matter wi'yuh? Yuh wanna fight?" The timid soul considered a minute and then said: "I'll duel you."

The tough was startled, but decided to make the most of it. "O.K.," he said, "choose yuh weapons an' I'll duel yuh." "Very well," the other answered. "Grammar, at twenty paces."

Excuse me! You have had it long enough!

Don't be selfish with your paper. When you have read it, remember there are other uses for it. It is needed for vital munitions of war.

You have probably collected a dozen papers or more during the past week. Turn them out. Every book, every magazine, every paper hoarded means less ammunition for our fighting men.

There are two more weeks in which to contribute your share to the great waste paper salvage drive. £20,000 is waiting to be won.

Help your local council to win a prize. The prize-money will help deserving charities. One half must be given to one or more of the following:—

The Red Cross,
Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund,
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund,
Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association.

The other half will go to a local charity.



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"ANY QUESTIONS?"



The first question comes from Mrs. Black, of Wakefield. She asks: "Who invented biscuit-making?"

The Philosopher: "Biscuits were made by hand from time immemorial, but the first biscuit-making machine was invented by Carr's over a hundred years ago."

The Citizen: "Yes, when I was in Carlisle the other day they showed it to me. Now they are making more biscuits than ever before (although so many of their girls and men have gone to join the National war effort), and their high quality causes them to be bought up quickly. Fresh supplies are always coming along, however, so I am told."

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